VOLUME 154 NUMBER 12

LOOKING FORWARD

AT THE PRESENT writing it looks as if March fashions in one hundred per cent patriotism will lean heavily toward Communist hunting and Red propaganda alarms.

WELL, it was David Harum, we believe, who said—we quote from memory—"a certain amount of fleas are good for a dog. They keep him from brooding on the fact that he *is* a dog." Perhaps a certain amount of scratching after Communists will make it easier for us to get along with our unemployment situation, our Prohibition problem, our tariff bills, our Farm Boards, our income tax—and all the rest of it.

AND CERTAINLY the Communists won't care. A Communist is a good deal like any publicity seeker. The only thing that really hurts is to have nobody notice him. But to have mayors and police commissioners and old ladies looking for him nights under the bed, and telling about it in the papers—why, that's something like.

THE ONLY TROUBLE is, from our standpoint, that it makes some of our officials look like nervous old ladies. For there aren't enough real Communists in the whole country to fill a good sized football stadium. And half of the few don't happen to have any other work just now. And the other half will probably give us up for a bad job one of these days, unless we club them into hatred and dynamite.

PRESIDENT HOOVER had it pretty well sized up when the youthful Reds held their White House demonstration a short while ago. "They ought to be spanked and sent back to their parents," he remarked. That is common sense, whether in Washington or New York or San Francisco. It ought to be tacked up as a text in the offices of our police chiefs everywhere. If the spirit in which it was uttered were more usual in this country, the whole Communist bogy would blow out of the window.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
Parkhurst Whitney
Henry F. Pringle
John T. Hackett
William T. Adee
Rodman Gilder

ASSOCIATES
Malcolm Waters Davis
Helen Chandler
Walter R. Brooks
Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins
William O. Scroggs

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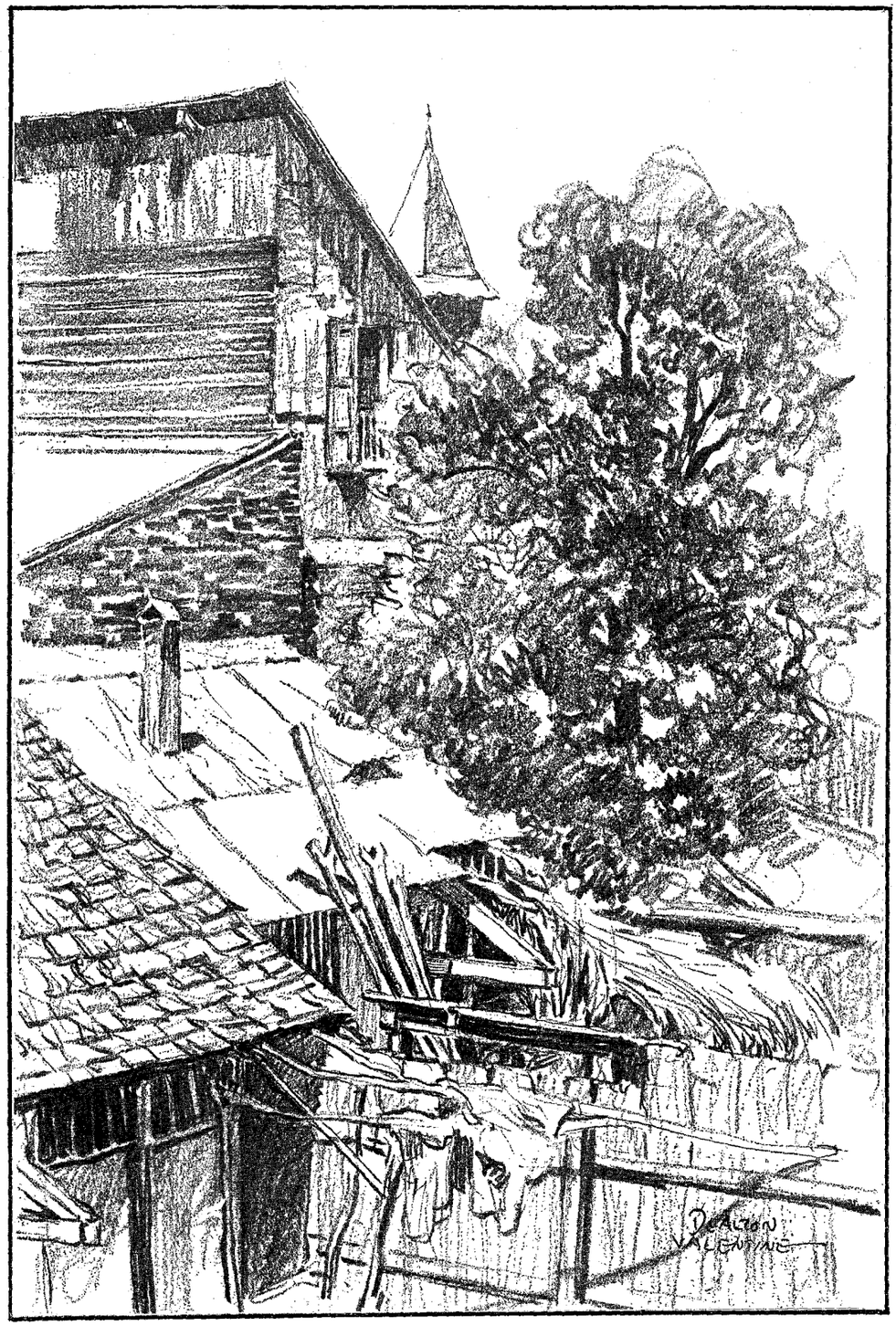

ROOFS IN SAINT MARC, HAITI
A pencil drawing by Dealton Valentine

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and Independent
March 19, 1930

Haiti After 1936

So Far Intervention Has Failed

By H. P. DAVIS

Mr. Hoover's Haitian Commission at work in Haiti faces a complicated situation. Mr. Davis is not over-hopeful of a solution, or that the United States can withdraw in 1936. This, under the existing treaty, we are pledged to do. The author of "Black Democracy" is certain that thus far American intervention has largely failed. It will continue a failure until civilians are put in charge; until the Haitians are taught a degree of self-government

DISTRESSING reports of discontent and disorder in Haiti, the deplorable killing of peasants by United States marines, and President Hoover's determination that an investigation should be made by a Commission, have again brought Haiti and the American occupation of this little negro republic to the attention of the American people.

The Haitian-American treaty, finally ratified on May 3, 1916, under which we have, for fifteen years, dominated the political and economic affairs of Haiti, expires on May 3, 1936. On that day we shall have completed twenty years of a regime initiated, and in the final analysis controlled, by us, with the avowed purpose of securing a condition of stability and teaching the Haitian people self-government.

Even without the recent disorders it is obvious that we have failed in the essentials of this self-imposed task. The Haitian people have in many ways materially benefited by our intervention, but the situation on the whole is, as Secretary of State Stimson recently said, bad and distressing and it is certain that our present policies are leading to no satisfactory conclusion.

It is doubtful if we can succeed, even with the most disinterested and expert advice, in arriving at an adequate solution of this problem in the few years remaining before the expiration of the Haitian-American treaty. It is equally difficult to see how we can arrange to prolong our control of Haitian affairs after 1936 by any procedure acceptable to the only class in Haiti capable of voicing opinion, or which would be countenanced by public opinion in the United States.

President Hoover has stated that "the primary question which is to be investigated is when and how are we to withdraw from Haiti. The second question is what shall we do in the meantime." The President has said that we had no mandate to continue the present relationship after 1936, and that we needed to know therefore what steps should be taken to discharge our obligations to the Haitian people. "We need," the President said, "a new and definite policy looking forward to the expiration of our treaties."

IN USING the word treaties, President Hoover evidently had in mind the often ignored fact that in any solution of the Haitian problem consideration must be given to the provisions of supplementary loan agreements, under which the continuation of American control of the collection of customs receipts and internal revenues, and disbursement in the service of the Haitian public debt, is provided for until the final repayment of the three outstanding loans. The public debt of Haiti, refunded in 1922, has been reduced from $22,600,000 to less than $17,000,000, but it is certain that, under the loan provisions, American control of revenue collections will continue for some years after the termination of the treaty, probably until 1943, or possibly longer.

It has been suggested that it might be possible to obtain additional power for the General Receiver of Customs to supervise the Haitian budget and exercise some control over government expenditures after the expiration of the treaty. It has even been suggested that Haiti might be induced to employ, after 1936, American administrators of the national guard, public works, public health, education and agriculture. There is nothing in the present situation to indicate the possibility of such arrangements except through a proceeding as questionable as those by which our present agreements with the Haitian government have been secured and which have been severely criticised in the United States, in Haiti and throughout Latin America.

Sentiment in Haiti as expressed by the small literate class has been bitterly opposed to these loans for the very reason that they involved a continuation of American control. Our programs, especially for educational and agricultural developments, the two fundamentally important departments in the development of a stabilizing element in Haiti, have been particularly resented. Unless a decided change in sentiment is engendered by new policies, there is no possibility of favorable endorsement of any action tending to prolong American

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control or to maintain Americans in positions ardently coveted by Haitians.

We intervened in Haiti, supervised the election of a president, and procured the ratification of a treaty, extended the duration of this convention, dictated a revision of the constitution and again revised it, and for eight years have supported a president whom the majority of articulate Haitians hold to have been constitutionally ineligible and illegally elected. To claim that these procedures were welcome to the Haitian people is insincere. Granting the integrity of our motives, the necessity for our intervention, and the honesty of our protestations, it remains true that our program to promote peace and secure stability has not been welcome to the one element which has governed Haiti in the past and must inevitably resume control after our withdrawal, the only element in Haiti which has any conception of what it is all about.

On February 7, President Hoover announced that he had appointed to the Haitian Commission: W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor General of the Philippine Islands; Henry P. Fletcher, former ambassador to Italy and to Belgium, minister to Chile and to Mexico, Under Secretary of State, and the President's adviser on his Latin American tour; James Kearney, editor, author and publisher and one of President Wilson's closest political advisers; William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette;* Elie Venzia of Rhode Island, a Canadian by birth, a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory, since 1914 Secretary of L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique. It is also announced that Dr. R. E. Moton, President of Tuskegee Institute will undertake an exhaustive investigation into the educational system of Haiti.

While there is no one in this country better fitted than is Dr. Moton to direct educational work among negroes, it is certain that the educated Haitians will resent this appointment. Dr. Moton stands for the Tuskegee type of vocational education, and the cultured people of Haiti are opposed to this idea and are in favor of giving to the small educated minority what they term a universal education, emphasizing arts and letters. They resent any implication that the type of education considered suitable for negroes in our southern states is suitable for them, and their opposition to any educational program believed by Americans to be logically suited to the needs of the people of Haiti is inevitable.

One of the most beneficient accomplishments of the Occupation, and certainly the least emphasized, has been the gradual emancipation of the

peasants from a system of exploitation by the so-called *elite,* the small educated minority. The great peasant mass, probably ninety-five per cent of the population, is little removed from the primitive condition of their African ancestors. They are pitiably poverty stricken, indescribably ignorant, but simple, subservient and kindly.

We have done little or nothing towards developing in them a capacity for self-government and they are as yet completely inarticulate. They have never exerted the slightest influence on past governments or the selection of their rulers, and are incapable of intelligent participation in the affairs of state. Elections before and since the Occupation have been farcical.

The Hoover Commission will be informed regarding this class and their attitude toward the government and the Occupation only by hearsay. They have no spokesman and the evidence will be confusing and inconclusive. Owing to the almost complete absence of organized industrial and agricultural development, and the control of trade and commerce by foreigners, there exists practically no middle class in Haiti.

It is true that our duty to the people of Haiti is not fully met by accepting at their face values all statements emanating from its upper classes. But it remains that this is the only articulate class, and the Haitians of the *elite* will make or dictate every bit of evidence presented for the Haitain people to the Commission. But the Commission will certainly be greatly handicapped and even bewildered in arriving at honest unbiased opinions of the men, white or black, who appear before it in Haiti. Haitians of the *elite,* deprived of their time-honored privileges, suffering both in pride and pocket, are yet fully conscious that they will come back to power as soon as the Americans leave.

They have a case to present to the Commission. For fifteen years they, the class which for over a century conducted the affairs of their country with little outside interference, have not only been deprived of any participation in the government but have been compelled to suffer in silence indignities which they honestly feel have been gratuitously heaped upon them. They fully realize that conditions in 1915 demanded outside interference and most of them welcomed our intervention and accepted as a distasteful, but necessary, measure the treaty of 1916. But they did not anticipate nor do they subscribe to the system of government since imposed upon them.

The avowed objects of our intervention were to secure tranquility and establish in Haiti conditions of permanent stability. We pledged ourselves to a program designed to prepare the Haitians for independent self-government and to give it to them, and announced that it was our firm intention to respect the sovereignty of Haiti.

It is not fair to say that we have completely failed in these objects; but it is painfully obvious that we have not made reasonably satisfactory progress towards the ultimate end of our intervention. We have made little progress toward the redemption of our pledge to assist the Haitian people in the development of the economic resources of their country, and our program for vocational instruction and agricultural development was loosely devised, inefficiently

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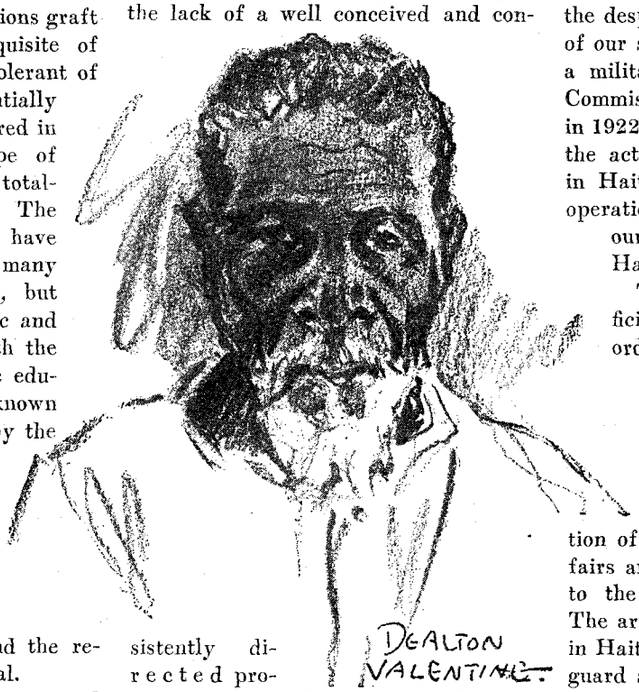
administered and generally conceded to be ill adapted to the needs of the people. Of greater importance is that we have neglected to inaugurate constructive steps toward preparing the people for self-rule. This neglect gives rise to the fear that we have no intention of withdrawing in 1936, or of materially altering our present policy, and is overwhelmingly destructive of effective co-operation with the articulate Haitians.

There is generally prevalent among American officials in Haiti, and unfortunately too often openly expressed, a feeling that Haitians are inefficient and unreliable. It is true that from the very beginning the experiences of our treaty officials with Haitian subordinates, and even with the higher officials of the government, have been most unfortunate, and that they have had to contend with opposition, dishonesty and inefficiency. But much of this opposition may be traced to our own policies. The Haitians have no sympathy with our ideas of efficiency; for generations graft has been a recognized perquisite of office. We have been too intolerant of the standards of these essentially backward people and have erred in expecting from them a type of public service which they are totally incapable of performing. The men we have sent to Haiti have been zealous and honest and many of them technically efficient, but they have not been diplomatic and have had little sympathy with the feelings or aspirations of the educated Haitians. They have known how to maintain tranquility by the exercise of superior force, build roads, bridges and buildings, improve the health of the people, and straighten out most disastrous financial tangles, yet even the best of them have been handicapped by a system, and the results have not been educational.

In spite of errors of commission and omission, we have unquestionably accomplished some highly commendable betterments. Tranquility was quickly restored, and since the suppression of the unfortunate "caco" uprising of 1918-1919, has been maintained. A well organized National Guard has replaced a graft ridden and miserably organized national army maintained solely for political purposes. The finances have been reorganized and revenues increased. The public debt has been refunded and rapidly reduced; a great mass of claims against the government—a potential source of foreign and domestic complications—has been most satisfactorily settled. The customs service has been completely reorganized, graft eliminated and public funds are, for the first time in Haitian history, honestly, if perhaps not altogether wisely, expended for the public welfare.

The Public Health Service, directed by our Navy doctors, has done wonders towards the sanitation and hospitalization of the country, which prior to the Intervention knew nothing of sanitation.

A program of public works has been carried out with honesty and, considering conditions, with reasonable efficiency. Highways have been constructed and maintained, public buildings, possibly too pretentious, have been erected, wharves and lighthouses built, and drainage, sewerage and water supply systems constructed. These things have been accomplished despite the lack of a well conceived and consistently directed program, and should be considered in relation to our obvious failures, and more particularly our almost total failure to appreciate that the ultimate objective of the Intervention is to create a government in Haiti by Haitians, which will be competent, after 1936, to meet its foreign obligations and maintain tranquility at home.



Nominally the government of Haiti, since the Intervention, has been that of a sovereign independent state. Actually, we have been responsible for the creation and maintenance of a curious form of dual government supported by the armed forces of the United States. Before the Intervention, the governments of Haiti were highly centralized, were, in fact, military dictatorships maintained by conscripted armies. Our policies, by depriving the Opposition of any hope of effective protest, have tended towards even more complete centralization and these policies have been supported by a small, highly trained body of Marines. Even the local communal governments over which we are supposed to exercise no control are now supervised by the military police officered by Marines.

Supported by and acting with the American High Commissioner whose assumption of powers not contemplated in the Treaty have been severely criticized, the Chief Executive of Haiti is now more powerful and less hampered by political opposition than any ruler in Latin America, or than any Chief of the Haitian State since the death of the despotic Emperor Dessalines. One of our serious errors was in appointing a military man to the office of High Commissioner. This office was created in 1922 for the purpose of co-ordinating the activities of the American officials in Haiti and to secure "a spirit of co-operation and accommodation" between our responsible officials and the Haitian people.

The activities of the treaty officials have been effectively co-ordinated; but it is evident that a spirit of co-operation has not been secured, and it has long been apparent that the first step toward securing the confidence and co-operation of the Haitian people should be the elimination of military control of all civil affairs and the appointment of a civilian to the office of High Commissioner. The armed forces of the United States in Haiti should be reduced to a legation guard and a small unit to be available as a nucleus of a larger force in the event of further trouble.

There should be at once inaugurated a carefully considered program designed to substitute Haitians for American employees in all departments. Even at the cost of a certain definite amount of efficiency, administrative positions should gradually, but as rapidly as is practicable, be filled by Haitians. This should be done not only in order that upper class Haitians may be afforded an opportunity to become familiar with the administrative details of positions

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which must eventually be held by them, but in order that leaders of public opinion may take an active share in the government of their country, be held responsible for the results of their administration and receive adequate, proper, compensation therefor.

As the situation now stands, there is practically no participation by Haitians either in the preparation of the budget or in the administration of the spending departments of the government. The Treaty Officials are appointed as advisers to the Haitian ministers, but in practice their relations to these ministers are perfunctory. Governmental policies, budgets, and even administrative details are initiated by the American Treaty Officials, under the sole direction and control of the High Commissioner.

Borno's ministers have been figureheads with little influence in the policies or conduct of their departments. They are complaisant tools, and the Council of State, which he appoints, is completely subservient to him. President Borno is an able man in a difficult and complicated position. He is intelligent, cultured and honest, but his administration has contributed little or nothing to the advancement of the Haitian people toward self-government.

In 1917, the legislative bodies were dissolved and have not since been convened. A constitution has been adopted and later amended, and two presidential elections have been held by procedures which are claimed by many Haitians to have been illegal. It is inconceivable that we should leave Haiti without having first established, in a manner which will be recognized by Haitians as constitutional, a government legally impowered to review these matters. Legislative bodies, as provided in the constitution, a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, should most certainly be elected and should function before our withdrawal. If these things are not done in a manner acceptable to the educated Haitians, an immediate resumption of the state of anarchy, the termination of which was the justification for our intervention, will be inevitable.

Just when and under what circumstances, legislative elections may wisely be held is a problem intensified by lack of constructive steps toward these ends. Six years is a short time in which to accomplish these things left undone. But our present policy is leading nowhere, and readjustment of our attitude towards communal affairs and national elections will be one of the vital problems of the Commission.

That a Haitian government, unaided, could maintain tranquility and continue to function with any reasonable degree of efficiency after our complete withdrawal is problematical. But if, during the next six years, we succeed in establishing a government in which the best available Haitians participate, several factors may definitely be counted on toward the maintenance of domestic

tranquility and sincere efforts toward efficiency.

The political system which made possible the election of seven presidents in less than seven years has been destroyed, and the power of the old revolutionary leaders is broken. The peasants could not easily be persuaded again to become tools in the hands of ambitious politicians. Organizing a rebel army would prove a difficult and probably a dangerous undertaking; and without such an army the old system could not be revived. Haitians of all classes are now conscious that this method of government is out of date, and literate Haitians realize that such barbarous proceedings as accompanied these "elections" would not longer be countenanced by the world at large and particularly by the United States.

HAITIANS of the upper class will tell the Commission that the present government and the Occupation are based solely on force, have demoralized the educated class, and have not tended to create or develop capacity for government among the people. They will hold that we have maintained an unconstitutional, illegal and dictatorial regime which will not be recognized by them after we withdraw.

They will testify that President Borno plans to perpetuate this regime, that on April 15th, next, through his subservient Council of State, he will elect his own candidate to the Presidency, or more probably re-elect himself. They will demand that, in spite of the restrictions written into the Constitution of 1918, national elections shall at once be held, and insist upon "the restoration in Haiti, of a government founded on the consent of the people." Finally, they will maintain that the Occupation has been a failure and that the sooner the Treaty is terminated the better for all concerned.

The Commission will be told by the American officials that regardless of acknowledged failures, the present policy is the only possible one and should, with possible readjustments, be continued until the expiration of the treaty. These officials will present indisputable evidence of Haitian inefficiency and dishonesty and general unfitness to assume responsibility or to exert authority.

By the more intelligent among American and other foreign civilians in Haiti, if such men can be induced to speak frankly, the Commission will be told that, unless drastic changes in policy are made, the Haitian people will be less competent to maintain a stable government in 1936 than they were in 1915.

The concensus of opinion, eliminating that of the small official and military group responsible for and satisfied with our present policies, will probably be that we should, insofar as possible, do away with every aspect of military control of, or direction in, administrative functions. They will recommend that greater responsibilities be given to the Haitian officials and that Haitians should be substituted for Americans in government positions as rapidly as possible.

It is generally conceded that the elec-

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Our Moral Young People

By KAY KENNEDY

"Jazz mad, she slays" may appear in the headlines, but Miss Kennedy finds our younger generation moral, conservative, narrow, and dull. She writes with authority; as the editor of a "heart-balm" column she reads thousands of letters from hot-blooded youth

FOR FULLY a dozen years —because it began early in the World War—youth has been a godsend to the headline hunter. Our young people have been "rapped" and "lauded," "flayed" and "boosted" over countless copy desks. In the beginning the returns in publicity from condemnation of our adolescents were enormous. To crash the front page one had only to point out that the War (or its aftermath) was undermining the younger generation. How many educators, preachers and sociologists had their brief day of glory by pointing a moral finger at the hip flask and the cigarette!

Then, because youth itself is seldom articulate and could not counter with any clarity, there arose a tribe of headline hunters on the other side. The citizens of tomorrow were defended—but the defense began with a concession. Yes, youth was wild and harum-scarum; flappers necked promiscuously and high school boys drank themselves into insensibility. But it was in a fine cause. Youth was in revolt against the stodginess of the elders and from this protest would emerge a fine, bright flame of independence that would consume the last dried remnants of Victorianism.

After I had been graduated from college I undertook the editorship of a musical magazine and was much too busy for some time to have even an academic interest in youth and its problems. The birth of a daughter necessitated my resignation from this position and it was not until two years later that I was offered a welcome chance to go back to work. A newspaper syndicate was about to initiate a "heart column" and I was to conduct it.

"I'm going to try an experiment," the syndicate manager told me. "All of these advice columns are inclined to be somewhat wishy-washy. I want you to say what you mean; within limitation of course. Don't be obscene and don't antagonize any individual correspondent in a purely personal way. For instance, it will be all right if you say 'people who are selfish regarding money are destined for unhappiness,' but don't reply to one correspondent, 'it strikes me that you are stingy.'"

I had been warned that in the course of my duties I would find that fully eighty per cent of letters requesting advice would come from girls in their 'teens. Here then was an exceptional opportunity to feel the pulse of hot-blooded girlhood. My column would be a confessional for erring youth and I would be permitted rare insight into the minds and hearts of my correspondents. I prepared myself, with what I confess was a pleasant sense of anticipation, to be shocked. And I was shocked. Shocked by the servility, the dullness, the absurd conservatism of these young people.

Letters came from Massachusetts to California, from New York to Honolulu, from North Carolina to Montana. Girls—and not a few boys—have written me their problems, problems apparently unfit for the parental ear. The only conclusion I can draw from the tenor of these "confessions" is that, if the youth of the land is toppling over our established institutions, then the structures are being reassembled at once with no additional materials and no changes in design. Of course you can cite the newspapers—"Studies in Love-Nest Raid" or "Jazz-Mad, She Slays"—but these cases are not typical and for that very reason are news.

The youth of today is as much concerned with the conventions and with the niceties of courtship as were its parents and grandparents before them. There may be something more of frankness, of honesty, but in most cases it is thickly overspread with conventionality. And it jars my correspondents unpleasantly to be told to live their own lives with consideration for others but at the same time not to allow themselves to be hampered by false values, mistaken loyalties, and the imitative desire to deviate in no way from their fellows. The gripping problems of life and love which concern them are such as these:

"My boy friend gave me his seal ring. Should I consider myself engaged to him?" . . . "If a fellow can neck a girl before they're married can he really respect her?" . . . "When a man takes you home from a dance, should you let him kiss you good-night?" . . . "Do you think a girl who smokes is the kind a fellow wants for his wife?"

Letters containing such questions, coming as they do from every part of the country, from farms and from cities, seem to typify the intellectual curiosity of average, middle-class youth. Undoubtedly there is in every so-called progressive town of any size a youthful element which likes to be termed "wild" and which tries to live up to a desperately gay reputation. These girls and boys come from wealthy families and find great pleasure in shocking the staider element of the community. But such a group is in a sorry minority and, for the most part, our younger generation is made up of well-meaning prigs.

My correspondents are representative of that part of our society so often referred to as "the backbone of the nation" or "the salt of the earth." They are of the lower middle class. Their parents are hard-working, decent people who strive to educate their children above themselves but they are as far removed from the country club element in their lack of sophistication and cultural background as they are in wealth.

The nauseating term "boy friend" is, to me, indicative of the attitude of the modern girl. "Sweetheart" sounds a bit too forward and implies clandestine kisses and other distressing things; "lover" has implications that make it a word to be shunned by any "decent" girl; and "friend" is too general. She wants you to understand clearly that the "boy friend" is in love with her, seeks her out among the other girls, gives her most of his attention—but takes no liberties with her. He has been kept at a distance.

A free soul of seventeen wrote this to me:

"I go out with fellows but there is just one I care a lot for. I have a good mother, think a lot of her. She always tells me I can go with fellows I know but not to come home so late at nite. But every time I go out with this fellow I like he tries to get smart

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with me. So one Sunday I went out with him. He got smart again. So I told him if he couldn't act any better while he's out with me he don't have to come out to see me any more. So he brought me home early that nite about nine o'clock.

"And when I got home I didn't care any more. I got out of the car and went in the house. He said good-night to me but I dident answer. I told him not to come out no more. So ever since that time he dident write or come out. But I do like him a lot. I don't know what to do, write to him or tell him to come out to my place or not. Or do you think I'd better wait and see if he writes first?"

Another miss wrote to ask me if she should let her "boy friend" kiss her now that he had given her his ring.

"He's a fine boy in every way but doesn't like it because I think more of my self-respect than of kissing. I don't think a girl has to be cheap or easy to be popular and I have always had plenty of boy friends though I've never let them get fresh. A girl who smokes or takes a drink just gets a bad name and no honest fel'ow wants to marry her. Do you think my boy friend is the kind I shouldn't be engaged to?"

Such daring! Such advanced ideas! One can but shudder at the careless way these young things trip down the primrose path to disaster. The conventions of courtship change but little. This letter might as well have been dated 1899 as 1929:

"Please can you help me as I'm nearly desperate with the problems I have and no one to ask to solve it but you. I am twenty-two years old and had been going with a fella five years older for three years steady and then something happened that he quit coming to see me. I never knew what was the reason and he wouldn't speak to me when he passed me on the street, etc.

"Then one day he came and asked to see me and said he wanted to be friends again. I love him and so I forgave him but he never explained why he left me before and I'm afraid to ask him for fear he'll do it again. He doesn't allow me to go out with other fellas although he goes with plenty of girls and only comes to see me about once a week. He won't take me out to dances much but if I say anything he asks me what kick have I got coming, didn't he come back to me? I love him dearly and want you to tell me how to win back his love so that he'll be my steady like he was before. Please let me know right away."

When I wrote and told her to tell him a few home truths, shut the door quietly but firmly behind his retreating back, and then go out and make some worthwhile friends and have a good time, she was furious. Her second letter indignantly refuted my implication that he wasn't worthy of her adoration and that he didn't have a perfect right to lay down the law to her. What can you do with liberalism like this?

Illustrations from "The Gay Nineties" by R. V. Cuter (Doubleday, Page)

A young soldier gave me another glimpse into the sin-blackened hearts of our young people.

"I've gone with a girl since we were little children," he wrote. "And we were always the best of friends till, as the years went by, I knew I loved her as a woman, not as a sister. I knew that there wasn't anything I wouldn't do for her and she confessed that she loved me but I didn't tell her that I cared too. Then I joined the Army and haven't heard from her since. Perhaps I should have told her of my love but I wanted first to be worthy of her. Why doesn't she answer my letters? What should I do?"

What indeed but continue to read fifth rate novels and act the sentimental moron? There is, of course, a certain pathos in his letter but I feel that it is largely self-conscious. He is writing as the hero of one of his books would write and is bewildered because the story isn't ending in accordance with the rules.

Many problems presented to me have perplexed me, many of the questions propounded have caused me moments of acute anxiety in my desire to answer them honestly and adequately, but only one of them has ever stumped me completely. Written on a plain sheet of paper torn from a cheap notebook was the following:

"When going to a Pie Social, who should cut the pie, the lady or the gentleman?"

Being a child of the city streets I had never heard of a Pie Social and no one could have been more completely at a loss as to the etiquette of such occasions. Not wishing to admit defeat and thus lose the confiding loyalty of my readers, I suggested it would be advisable for the more expert pie-cutter to perform the ceremony. I was severely reprimanded for my mild attempt at levity by no less than seven young women. They informed me that the pie should be cut by the woman and that any deviation from this rule was in the worst possible taste. Thus etiquette is one of the first concerns of most of these boys and girls who write me. They wish to conduct their lives, and particularly their courtships, strictly *de rigeur*. Whether a thing is "correct" bothers them more than whether it is amusing or worthwhile.

Every once in a while one of my correspondents mentions a girl of her acquaintance who is known to take a drink occasionally—and what calumny is heaped upon her head! Just let it be known that she will take a cocktail,

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or maybe even smoke a cigarette, and her reputation is ruined with the younger set.

"There is a girl in town who is a bad influence for the boys," wrote "Disgusted". "She was brought up with all of us and used to go to parties with us, but now she is simply too wild for us to want to associate with. There's no reason I can see for a girl to drink ever or smoke and I (and my friends) think that something should be done about it. The fellows talk about her behind her back and we girls think that some one ought to tell her for her own good the reputation she is getting. Please tell us how to go about it."

My experience has led me to the conclusion that inability to spell is the only real sin of the youth of the land. Girls and boys of high school age write, except in rare cases, like children half their age. A letter from a high school sophomore concluded with the following sentence:

"—and so if he dont like to come out when M. is there, why shud I worry when it's eazy enuf to get others beter than him?"

Short skirts, no corsets, rolled stockings and sleeveless dresses have received more than their measure of attention from critics of the younger generation. It has been pointed out—in print, in the pulpit, and in the home—that loose morals are the inevitable result of scanty clothing. How could a girl who was not decently covered fail to fall on the slightest provocation? And what boy could remember his promises to his mother when bare knees were constantly being thrust into his line of vision?

In my opinion, the clothes worn by flappers until the last few months were in no way indicative of immodesty. Girls wore knee-length skirts simply because knee-length skirts were being worn. Women, young and old, follow style dictates blindly. They wear what they are told to wear and, even if they desired to deviate from the fashions of the moment, where could they buy such clothes?

Girls wore their abbreviated dresses, not from any brazen desire to flaunt their charms, but because it was the thing to do.

PERHAPS the most striking example of the conservatism of our young men and women is to be found in their attitude on the subject of smoking for women. Following an article of mine on this moth-eaten subject—for even a heart-editor gets a bit bored with *grandes passions* now and then—I was deluged with letters from the outraged youth of the country. My stand, I might explain, was simply that whether a woman smoked was her own business. My contention was that to make a moral issue of the subject was ridiculous.

More or less to my surprise I found that I was a moral leper, an evil influence and a menace to the health and happiness of the community. One young woman upbraided me severely, after assuring me that she was "neither old-fashioned nor a prig" for suggesting that "the little white devil" (the happy phrase is hers) should defile the lips of American womanhood.

A girl from Indiana was so incensed that she wrote me not one but two letters, including in the second a clipping from some church magazine to back up her criticism.

"As you will see the clipping is written by a man. Even tho he is a preacher I have found many men and boys who agree with this one man. As you know from my letter I do not like feminine smoking and think it looks very indescent in women to smoke, drink or curse.

"I read a piece in your column not long ago what one young lady had to say about men and boys hated to see a girl smoke and to prove it I asked fifty men and boys their opinion on feminine smoking. I received the answer from every one of them that they thought it was very indescent and immoral for women to smoke. I find that women and girls who smoke are from the very lowest classes and I haven't found any men who think it right for women and girls to smoke. As women were supposed to be man's superior and not stoop and lower themselves enough in moral character to wish to become the man's equal. As they were supposed to be better than man I can't see why they wish to come down and be his equal.

"I say and every one else I know says who has a good moral character that any woman or girl whoever or wherever she may be that will stoop to a cigarette will stoop to worse and bring greater shame and disgrace to herself and family sooner or later. I thank you."

Another reader (a girl of eighteen) informed me that "if I lived up to your advice I would lose all of my self-respect and also that of my parents."

"Do you think it is right to uphold a habit that originated in the slums of the city?" she went on to ask. "Anything that lowers a person's character is for a young woman to smoke a cigarette."

The male element was no less vehement in denouncing me and swore, as one man, that lips that knew nicotine should never echo their "I do." "Young Bachelor" informed me that "no decent woman would demean herself by smoking a cigarette," and another young man wrote to say that "the cigarette when used by a woman has broken up many happy homes."

Another column which brought an influx of condemnatory letters was one written in approval of sun bathing *au naturel* for children. A young mother

(Please Turn to Page 475)

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Investments; New Style

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

This week Mr. Scroggs discusses the relative value of stocks and bonds and points to a new and increasing interest in the latter

THOUSANDS of investors today are wrestling with the question whether they should buy stocks or bonds. Six months ago few of them, perhaps, would have hesitated. Most of them would have followed the precepts of the "new era" economists and bought stocks. It was an article of faith with this economic school that stocks of good companies were cheap at almost any price, but after the collapse this doctrine fell into disrepute both in Wall Street and in Main Street. Since then the market has taken another upward turn, and the prophets of the new era are again articulate. The sentiment of investors is consequently vacillating between shares, and securities yielding a fixed income.

Investment counsellors are in sharp disagreement among themselves regarding the relative merits of stocks and bonds. Those of the old school, whose voices were drowned out last year by the din of the five and six million-share days on the New York Stock Exchange, are now able to get a hearing, and they are reiterating their familiar thesis that common stocks should never be regarded as a real investment. To the claim of the opposing school that stocks in the long run are more profitable than bonds and, as to the purchasing power of income, perhaps also safer, they point to the stock of the New Haven railroad, once regarded by substantial New Englanders as the country's premier investment issue, but destined one day to bring much distress to these thrifty folk. They likewise point to the stock of the American Woolen Company as another example of what the shares of a prosperous industrial concern may do, and for more recent examples they cite the drop of 96 per cent last year in the shares of Kolster Radio and International Combustion Engineering.

The champions of stocks reply that exceptional cases like these prove nothing, and that whatever risk there may be in individual stocks can be reduced to negligible proportions by diversification. The bondholder, they aver, is cut off in times of prosperity from any share in the profits of the issuing company, and if commodity prices are rising at such a time the purchasing power of his income is reduced. The bondholder's loss from this cause, moreover, cannot be eliminated by diversification, because the purchasing power of the income from all bonds will decline at the same time.

The victory in this debate cannot be awarded to the side presenting the most ingenious argument. The proof of the pudding must come with the eating. Whichever side is right, there is no disputing the fact that the fashion in investments in 1930 is quite different from that which prevailed in 1929. In support of this statement we need only to compare the new issues of corporate securities during January, 1930, with those for the corresponding month of 1929. In January, 1929, 52 per cent of the new corporate issues consisted of common stock; in January, 1930, the proportion dropped to 17 per cent. In January, 1929, 14 per cent of the total issues consisted of preferred stock; in January, 1930, the proportion was less than 1 per cent. In January, 1929, 34 per cent of the new issues consisted of bonds; in January, 1930, the proportion rose to 82 per cent.

This is convincing evidence of a drastic change in the preferences of the investing public. The change may prove to be only temporary, as some of the new-era economists predict, but it is none the less substantial and significant. Still another indication that there are fashions in finance appears in the issue of new securities by investment trusts. In January, 1929, the offerings by such companies amounted to $277,000,000 and constituted 29 per cent of the total corporate issues; twelve months later they dropped to $63,000,000 and were only 9 per cent of the total.

It is clear, then, that at the beginning of the current year investors were deliberately turning their backs on their recent favorites and were making friends again with the fixed-interest securities. If this tendency were to last for any considerable period the bond market would flourish again as it did in 1922-23. It would not be safe, however, to count too confidently on a real boom in bonds. The improvement in bond prices since the slump in stocks has not come up to expectations, but that may be accounted for in part by the recent sharp increase in bond flotations. It is especially significant that new bond issues no longer require the sugar-coating which at the height of the boom in stocks was needed to make them attractive; that is, they can be sold on favorable terms now without special inducements in the form of conversion privileges or of warrants giving the holder the right to subscribe to new stock of the company on favorable terms when and if issued.

The enthusiasm for stocks last year was too intense to last, but the swing toward bonds, which is indicated by their predominance in the new issues, may also be carried to an extreme. The security markets are swayed to a considerable degree by mass-thinking, and that is always mercurial. Nevertheless, when the markets become more settled investors will realize that sound principles lie somewhere between the preachments of the old-fashioned and the new-era economists, and this is practically certain to result in a better demand for bonds than prevailed in 1928 and 1929.

IN 1929 stocks were at their best and bonds at their worst. An evening-up process is now under way. As investors give increasing attention to the relation which should exist between yields and market prices they will discover that the bond market offers many bargains. Judged by the standards of earlier years most stocks are still dear, in spite of their readjustment in October and November. The justification of their present prices is not the current yield but the prospect of a great increase in the value of the equities behind them in the future.

While the latest fashion in investments is thus favorable to bonds, the wise investor will follow the example of the well-dressed man or woman in fashions and avoid extremes. Because an investor suffered a heavy loss last year by trusting wholly in stocks, there is no reason why he should pursue a wholly opposite course this year and put all that he has in bonds.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

The Embattled Fox

FEW OF the screen's manufactured War pictures are half as thrilling as the actual warfare now being waged over the refinancing of the Fox film and theatre enterprises. If Mr. William Fox could have the battle photographed, under the supervision of a clever director, he might easily turn out a cinema masterpiece which would itself solve the difficult problem of future financing.

Baldly stated, the facts are that Fox Theatres Corporation owes about $18,000,000 to Fox Film Corporation and $15,000,000 to Electrical Research Products Corporation, and needs at least $3,400,000 additional for various purposes. Altogether, about $40,000,000 must be found, and the battle is on to decide just how this money is to be raised and who will be paid what for the job.

The situation, involving wheels within wheels, divergent financing plans, trustee agreements and attempted injunctions, is just about as complicated as a business tangle could possibly be. Engagements thus far, stirring as they have been, are but preliminary skirmishes, with the Fox-Untermyer forces and the opposing armies both claiming the advantage and neither side firmly grasping the fruits of it. A long legal battle is inevitable. As for the 9,000 Class A stockholders of Fox film, which is threatened with a receivership, they appear to be enlisted for the duration of the war.

What Price Wholesaler?

AS SOON AS IT BECAME evident that the development of the chains was really going to do things to the time-honored processes of distribution, kind-hearted people began to look about for a cane and a tin cup for the poor wholesaler.

In certain lines of business the wholesaler's job has, it is true, been made extremely difficult. The pressure has forced some important concerns to liquidate, and others have merged in sheer self-defense. But it is certainly not time yet to sing a last dirge for the wholesaler or jobber.

The wholesaler has today, and will continue to have, an important function to perform in distribution. Whether he is essentially a selling agent for the manufacturer or a purchasing agent for the retailer, or both, he has a vital part to play in the general scheme.

He knows that he must improve his methods, and is doing it. He knows that his welfare is interlocked with that of the independent retailer. He is learning how to give the independent "business service," which means instruction in effective merchandising principles and methods.

Encouraged by forward-looking wholesalers, the independents are brightening up their stores with fresh paint and better lighting; buying more intelligently; displaying their goods more attractively; and putting in better accounting systems. In helping the independents to fight fire with fire, and compete successfully with the chains by using the chains' own methods, American wholesalers are doing the best thing they could possibly do to insure their own longevity.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 8—91.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 8—83.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended Feb. 22—828,290 cars (reduction of 62,707 under preceding week and of 76,613 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 1—79% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 14% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 1—daily average gross 2,623,950 barrels (reduction of 98,100 under preceding week and of 78,950 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended March 1—1,347,000 bushels (increase of 729,000 bushels over preceding week; reduction of 1,912,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 6—$11,951,840 (increase of 28.5% over preceding week; reduction of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 6—527 (increase of 1 over five-day period ended Feb. 27, 1930, and of 37 over same week of 1929).

We Go to the Fair

FOLLOWING A PRECEDENT established just a hundred years ago, when ten American merchants crossed the Atlantic in a sailing ship to purchase toys and novelties at the Leipzig fair, about 3,000 buyers from the United States rushed the famous old Saxon city last week, determined to get as many goods as possible past our customs before new tariff schedules are put into operation.

Since about the year 1170 Leipzig has been staging commercial fairs. There are three of them every year, and the Spring event just completed brought out more than ten thousand exhibits, from 72 countries. As the total number of buyers present was estimated at 200,000, our representatives found plenty of company.

It is to be hoped that at least a few of the 3,000 saw Leipzig as well as the fair, but this is perhaps too much to expect. Traveling men who "do" Boston time after time without ever seeing Lexington and Concord, New Orleans without visiting the Vieux Carré, and San Antonio with complete disregard of the Alamo, are not likely to change their habits in order to glimpse the Napoleonstein, a University founded in 1409, or one of the world's most famous concert-halls.

As for business, and business must after all pay the buyers' traveling expenses, these foreign pilgrimages are valuable in many ways. Our travelers get saleable goods, which is what they go after, but they also grasp something bigger and finer—an international point of view, and a sense of the economic interdependence of all the nations and peoples of the world.

Buy at the Bottom

THE TIMELINESS of *Common Stocks for the Average Man* by J. George Frederick (Business Bourse $4.00) is so evident that he who runs, to or from Wall Street, may read.

The author suggests that Mr. Average Man should invest in common stocks, but *not* money which is necessary to his business or his family operating requirements. He should avoid hunches and crowd psychology; buy only listed stocks; follow the five and ten share outright plan and avoid margin buying; buy now, when the real "bottom" has arrived; diversify risks; avoid tipsters; and provide an "anchor" by putting at least 25 per cent of available investment capital in bonds.

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The Trend of Events

Pussyfoot Corner

WITH THIS HEADING, we introduce a new department, which will appear from time to time in The Trend of Events. Probably it will appear most frequently just before primaries and elections. Pussyfoot Corner will be devoted to pussyfooters. When our candidates and public servants pussyfoot on controversial public questions—particularly on prohibition, the most controversial of all public questions—we shall put their names and their statements in Pussyfoot Corner. When they lean first toward the wet side and then toward the dry side, as they often do; when they straddle, when they walk the fence, when they duck and dodge, when they refuse to express opinions or express opinions calculated to please everybody and anger nobody, we shall stand them in Pussyfoot Corner and stand their statements alongside them.

For example. The Second Massachusetts District recently held a special congressional election. The Republican candidate intimated that in response to the district's wet sentiment he might run in the special election as a wet but in the regular November election as a dry. Candidate Griggs and his statements belong in Pussyfoot Corner.

Too little attention is paid to the now intricate, popular, and well-established art of straddling and pussyfooting. Its practitioners are so numerous and so adept that they deserve a special department to themselves. Hereafter they shall have it. We ask the co-operation of our readers in the collection of items suitable for Pussyfoot Corner. Send us the statement or statements, the name of the candidate or official who wrote or uttered it or them, and the date of writing or utterance. Be accurate. Be sure of statements, names, and dates. Only pussyfooters belong in Pussyfoot Corner.

Wet-Dry Governor

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT of New York is, apparently, wet on Sunday, dry on Monday, and somewhere in between on Tuesday. On Sunday, March 2, he huzzahed with a will for the principle of States' rights, or, as he prefers, home rule. "I am very confident," he said, "that the extension of the principle of home rule is going to be the salvation of the American form of government." Reporters, the embarrassing fellows, asked him whether he would extend the principle to cover prohibition. His reply was terse and wet. "Read the 1928 Democratic platform," he said. The 1928 Democratic State platform, to which he referred, advocated modification of the Volstead act and amendment

Acme

FOR THE DEFENSE
Samuel Crowther, economist-author, supports prohibition at House hearing

of the 18th Amendment, putting responsibility for liquor regulation primarily on the States.

So far, so good. Governor Roosevelt was a States' rights wet. Then came Monday, and with it a bewildering change in the Governor's attitude. "By some curious twist of the public mind," he said, "under the terms of 'home rule' or 'States' rights,' this problem has been considered by many to apply, primarily, to the prohibition issue." But, he added, States' rights are those which have not been surrendered to the national Government. "Wisely or unwisely, people know that under the 18th Amendment Congress has been given the right to legislate on this particular subject."

Here, then, is where Governor Roosevelt stands: On Monday he wants the prohibition problem turned back to the States; on Tuesday he implies that it cannot be turned back because, "wisely or unwisely," it has already been surrendered by the States to the Federal Government. Governor Roosevelt is too shrewd to contradict himself flatly. The contradiction lies in the spirit rather than the letter of the two addresses. But when he says, as he did on Tuesday, March 4, "I am not straddling the prohibition question," we disagree. He has one foot in the Atlantic Ocean and the other in the Sahara Desert, and he never changes his position except to climb on the fence. He is straddling with might and main, and he certainly belongs in Pussyfoot Corner.

The House Hearing

NEITHER Mr. Edison nor Mr. Ford appeared in person as drys began their efforts to refute wet testimony given before the House Judiciary Committee at Washington. Both sent messages. Mr. Ford declared that the Eighteenth Amendment is recognized as "the greatest force for the comfort and prosperity of the United States," an opinion which checks off nicely with Pierre S. du Pont's that prohibition and prosperity have little to do with each other. Mr. Edison still feels that "prohibition is the greatest experiment to benefit man." His observation "is that its enforcement generally is at least 60 per cent and is gaining." Mr. Ford may consider this too mild. Just one day earlier, Mr. Ford had stated flatly: "Prohibition is a success. I only saw one drunken man last year."

Star dry witness, Samuel Crowther found the sum "which now goes into goods and savings, instead of over saloon bars, to be between two and six billion dollars a year." Between two and six billion dollars, there is, to be sure, quite a gap. But no matter. Mr. Crowther had more figures still. Americans, he said, had 1,250,000 electric refrigerators in 1928, as compared with 2,000 in 1919; 6,000,000 electric washing machines, as compared with 1,000,000; 53,000,000 savings accounts containing $28,500,000,000, as compared with 18,000,000 depositors with $13,000,000,000. "The evidence is conclu-

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sive," said Mr. Crowther, "that the working men are spending less for liquor." So saying, he took much of the steam out of his testimony by adding: "The evidence is equally conclusive that the people with higher incomes are spending money for liquor."

Mr. Crowther's washing machine statistics were none too impressive or interesting, but they were rather more so than testimony of Patrick H. Callahan, paint and varnish manufacturer of Louisville, to this effect: "Coming to Bright's disease, about which there may be some dispute as to the degree of responsibility of liquor, there has been a reduction from 105.3 to 91.5, or a saving of life of 13.8 per 100,000 of our population, or about 13 per cent."

Such eye-closers get us nowhere. There is no lack of statistics on either side of the wet-dry question. Surely the prohibitionists can and will do better than this before the hearings are over. If they cannot, and do not, they might just as well sit back quietly while the country repeals the 18th Amendment and substitutes an enforceable system of control for an unenforceable system of prohibition.

▸▸*March 6th*

TAKEN AS A WHOLE, American and European celebrations of the eleventh anniversary of the Third Communist International missed fire. The small-sized crowds turning out to demonstrate against unemployment emphasized the already well-known fact that, outside Russia, Communism has been slipping for the past five years. For a time it seemed that the movement might make great gains in China. It seems so no longer. Temporarily, at least, the movement in China has failed.

It is likewise failing in Europe, as a glance into any legislative hall will indicate. There is not one Communist in the British House of Commons. There are but ten among the 610 members of the French Chamber of Deputies. In Germany, where the movement is strongest, there are but 54 Communists in the Reichstag, as compared, for example, with some 150 Socialists.

Nevertheless, advance publicity intimated that the March 6 demonstrations would prove an eye-opener. Advance publicity erred. "Police reports from all metropolitan centers and industrial areas tonight indicate that the day's demonstrations everywhere were of a desultory nature," reads a news dispatch to the New York *Times*, from Berlin. "Communist 'Hunger March Day' in Central Europe and the Balkans has ended in a complete fiasco," reads another, from Vienna. "Not more than 3,000 workers left their tools . . . . in response to the Third International's orders," reads another, from Paris. "Polish Communists have once more failed to execute the orders of the Communist International," reads still another, from Warsaw.

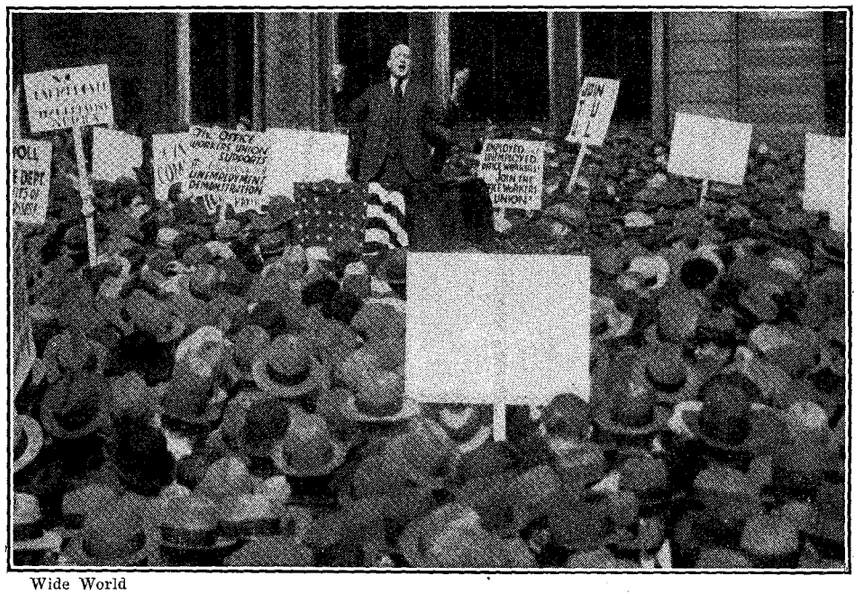
Crowds at demonstrations in American cities were in many cases large, but curiosity-seekers vastly outnumbered Communists. It could hardly be otherwise. If European legislative bodies have few Communists members, American legislative bodies have none. There is no Communist in Congress. So far as we know, there is not one in a state legislature, or even on a board of aldermen. Plausible estimates number American Communists at two or three score thousand—this in a nation of 120,000,000 people. In New York City, Communists number about 10,000—this in a city of 6,000,000 inhabitants. To fear, then, that Communism may come to dominate the United States is as unreasonable as to fear that anarchism may come to dominate the United States Supreme Court.

▸▸*March 6th in New York*

RUDIMENTARY CONCEPTIONS of fairness dictate that a party so hopelessly inconsequential be granted full freedom to plead its cause. For two hours on March 6 it seemed that the Communists were to get just that kind of treatment in New York City. Muddy Union Square was packed tight with, perhaps, 30,000 men and women, most of them knowing nothing about Communism and caring less. In the center of the throng there were, apparently, about 2,000 Communists, jammed around speakers' stands, and applauding as their orators overthrew the Government, set it up, and overthrew it again; tore the hide off the unspeakable capitalists, put it back, and tore it off again.

At the end of the two hours New York saw one of the worst riots in its history. Despite police orders, the Communists insisted on marching down Broadway to City Hall, there to present their grievances to Mayor Walker. As they swung into line, the police swung into action. For the next half hour, and intermittently through the afternoon, there occurred some of the most revolting exhibitions of police brutality imaginable. Few arrests were made, but members of the crowd were clubbed, pummeled, and kicked unmercifully. Estimates of the number of those slightly or seriously injured run from 100 to 300. In the effort to keep the demonstration within bounds, the police forced it far out of bounds. In the effort to uphold law and order, they precipitated wild lawlessness and disorder. In the effort to stop a parade, they started a riot.

Casting up the accounts of the riot, the city fathers must wonder where they stand. They succeeded in keeping traf-



Wide World

ORATIN' FULL BLAST
William Z. Foster, Communist leader, addressing New York crowd

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fic moving in lower Broadway, traffic light-heartedly tied up during every reception to a well-advertised aviator or even channel swimmer. That is all they did that they wanted to do. They also gave the Communists superb publicity, well-justified grievances, and an inducement to carry on. They did not frighten the Communists, who are ready and willing to demonstrate again. They made thoughtful observers conclude that such brutality by the police is absolutely inexcusable. There are no two ways about it: Either the Communists were guilty of serious offenses, in which case they should have been arrested wholesale, or they were not, in which case they should not have been beaten.

Mayor Walker missed the obvious trick of inviting the Communists to march to City Hall, meeting them there, and hearing them out. Would the Communists have broken any regulation, however lenient? Possibly, for that seems to be their game, but they didn't in San Francisco, where Mayor Rolph followed precisely the course here indicated. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Rolph cannot be Mayor of all our large cities at once.

▸▸Unemployment

IT IS NATURAL that American Communists should make the most of unemployment. While it may not help them much, it is the best issue they have had in years. Nor need it be emphasized that they are more concerned with advancing their cause than in finding work for the idle. That may be taken for granted.

The fact remains that unemployment in the United States is serious. How serious, no one knows. Political-minded Secretary of Labor Davis bursts into print with a great flourish of statistics now and then, but his figures are far from conclusive. Moreover, he seems inclined to twist his statistics for the honor and glory of his party. This is an extremely short-sighted policy. To misrepresent or sugarcoat the truth is to ruin public confidence and to foster unwarranted fears.

Weekly reports by the Department of Labor indicated that employment had gained more in January than it had lost in December. Monthly reports from the same source indicated that, as compared with December, employment in January had declined two per cent. Thus, miraculously, the situation was both better and worse. The long and the short of it, however, is that the statistics are inadequate, and that Government estimates are largely guesswork. If one of the Wagner bills, now before Congress, is passed, as it should be, Government figures on unemployment may eventually gain some meaning.

How many workers are out of jobs? Secretary of Labor Davis says about 3,000,000, including seasonal and normal as well as abnormal unemployment. President Hoover commits himself to no figures, but declares that "unemployment amounting to distress is in the main concentrated in twelve states." The thirty-six others, he believes—

Wide World

PRISONER NO LONGER
Frederick A. Cook released from Leavenworth on parole

doubtless wants to believe—are already out, or on the way out, of the woods. Since December and early January, in his opinion, conditions have steadily improved. "All the evidences indicate that the worst effects of the crash upon unemployment will have been passed during the next sixty days."

Do President Hoover, Secretary Davis, and Secretary of Commerce Lamont go to sleep these nights murmuring Shelley's

Oh, wind, if winter comes,
Can spring be far behind?

A few weeks of warm sunshine, ending seasonal idleness due to cold weather, will probably do more than any other one thing to solve the problem of unemployment.

▸▸Dr. Cook Steps Out

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK, physician, oil promoter, and pseudo-discoverer of the North Pole, evidently went to Leavenworth Penitentiary in November, 1923, determined to be free as soon as possible. He was an exemplary prisoner; he broke not the smallest rule. He assisted in the prison hospital and later organized a night school, where he may or may not have given courses in geography. Now, at the age of sixty-five, after having served less than half his sentence, he has been released on parole. There are certain obligations he must fulfil, during the remainder of his term, or else be whisked back to Leavenworth again. One of these is to tell the truth.

Now the truth was never Dr. Cook's specialty. Many will recall that there was mention of Ananias when, seven years ago, he and twelve co-defendants were convicted of using the mails to defraud oil investors. Quite as many know, either from recollection or hearsay, of the sensational hoax of September 1, 1909, when, after months during which the Arctic apparently had swallowed him, news came that Cook had unfurled a flag at the long-sought northern axis of the earth.

There was nothing fancy about exploring in those days. No spot-news columns in the newspapers, no airplanes to lighten the physical hardship, no radio Christmas greetings to explorers from the folks back home. Robert E. Peary was making his sixth attempt to hang his hat on the elusive pole in the name of the indomitably loyal Peary Arctic Club. It was an exceptionally bitter blow, therefore, to Peary and his sponsors, when his bona-fide success, telegraphed several days after Cook's make-believe, received such headlines as "Peary Also Claims to Have Reached Pole." Cook, never unreservedly acclaimed, was promptly discredited. But he had dimmed Peary's triumph, reduced a scientific achievement to a series of vaudeville jokes, and made skeptics of many Americans, who decided that perhaps both were heroes and perhaps neither was, and let it go roughly at that.

While Dr. Cook has been in prison, methods of newspaper and magazine exploitation of such careers as his have been greatly improved, if improved is the word. The public will eagerly await an autobiography from the doctor, his "ghost," or his "as told to." The parole board insists that he be truthful, but it is to be hoped that, in the interest of good reading, it will interpret that regulation pretty liberally.

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In Haiti

CROWDS GREETED the commission sent to investigate conditions in Haiti when it landed at Port au Prince. Yet when it opened hearings next day no one appeared to testify.

The commissioners' first task, consequently, was to secure the co-operation of the Haitians by gaining their confidence. Hence, the commission announced day-long sittings during which all and sundry might be heard. It arranged private hearings for those who wished them. It consented that a people's counsel be constantly at hand. It declined to permit interference with a popular demonstration. It sent a representative to a religious service at which prayers were offered for independence. Commissioner Fletcher impressed the ladies by proposing equal suffrage. Commissioner White won popularity when publicly and dramatically he kissed the hand of an aged negress who petitioned him in behalf of the people.

Once a friendly atmosphere was created, the hearings proceeded rapidly. Termination of our military occupation was the burden of virtually every plea. While some witnesses found that material progress had been made during the fourteen-year occupation, all protested the censorship of the press, the influx of capital which substituted large corporate holdings for small individual ownership of the land, and the occupation of important governmental posts by Americans, which deprived natives of opportunity for training in public service. As remedies they urged the abolition of the office of American High Commissioner, the withdrawal of the Marines, the removal of customs supervision. Only in the health service was continued American activity favored.

Uppermost in the witnesses' minds was the desire to be rid of President Borno. Accused of being a puppet of the High Commissioner, General Russell, Borno is popularly regarded as one of the line of native dictators whose rule long made Haiti a bloody political battleground. Massacre was predicted if, on April 14, he was permitted to name his successor through his appointees on the Council of State, which, since the suspension of the popularly-elected legislature, has had the power to choose the President.

Recognizing that avoidance of the threatening disorder was of the greatest immediate importance, the commission wirelessed a preliminary report to President Hoover, embodying native proposals for a provisional government under a president, chosen from a neutral political group, who would rule until a general legislative election could be held. President Borno is said to have agreed to this program. If he has, and if strife has been averted, the commission may congratulate itself that thus far it has done a highly creditable job.

Mrs. Dennett Wins

CUT OUT AND SAVE the decision by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at New York in the Mary Ware Dennett case. It's worth it.

Almost a year ago, a Federal jury in Brooklyn found Mrs. Dennett guilty of sending an obscene pamphlet through the mails. Heaven alone knows why. To be sure, Mrs. Dennett had sent a pamphlet through the mails. In fact, since 1918, when she wrote it for the instruction of her two sons, she had sent out 60,000 copies, to school, civic, health, and religious authorities—for example, to the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.—and to the *Medical Review of Reviews*, which thought it good enough to reprint. Authorities agree that "The Sex Side of Life, an Explanation for Young People," is one of the best things of its kind in English.

Underwood

WINS IN A WALK

Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet upheld by Circuit Court of Appeals

The Dennett case speedily became a *cause célèbre*. And deservedly so. To see this dignified and valuable pamphlet set down as obscene, to see an able and sincere woman bracketed with vendors of dirty postcards, was downright shocking. But it is exhilarating to see the Circuit Court of Appeals turn the lower court's verdict upside down.

The Circuit Court finds Mrs. Dennett's work plainly outside the scope of the law against "obscene, lewd, or lascivious" pamphlets. This law "must be construed reasonably with a view to the general objects aimed at." It was not designed to "interfere with serious instruction regarding sex matters unless the terms in which the information is conveyed are clearly indecent." Any article dealing with the sex side of life may in some circumstances arouse lust. "But it can hardly be said that because of the risk of arousing sex impulses there should be no instruction of the young in sex matters." The law "was never thought to bar from the mails everything which might stimulate sex impulses." Otherwise it would apply to "much chaste poetry and fiction as well as many useful medical works."

Mrs. Dennett's pamphlet, the court finds, "is written with sincerity of feeling and with an idealization of the marriage relation and sex emotions. We think it tends to rationalize and dignify such emotions rather than to arouse lust."

So that's that. It is unthinkable that the United States Supreme Court will reverse this opinion. We therefore congratulate Mrs. Dennett on her sweeping and soundly deserved victory.

Tardieu Back In

WITH TARDIEU PREMIER AGAIN, French politics returns to the status quo. The ins are back in; the outs still out. When the Left ministry formed by Chautemps died a-borning, Tardieu, with Poincaré's co-operation, sought to assemble a government of all the parties. The Left sullenly refused to join. Hence the cabinet finally drawn largely from the Right almost duplicated the Tardieu ministry which fell two weeks earlier. Yet when it went before the Chamber which had brusquely turned it out of office, it received a majority of more than fifty votes. Although they hooted and jeered, members of the Left, tired of quarreling, were ready for a truce. Probably there will be another trial of strength soon after the naval conference adjourns.

How much desire for office, how little

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Underwood

ENCORE
Andre Tardieu again becomes Premier of France

difference of policy, inspired the quarrel which made the conference mark time for three weeks was speedily revealed. Just as Chautemps had echoed the Tardieu policies, so Tardieu echoed the policies of Chautemps. As an extra concession, Tardieu yielded on the tax policies which had brought the strife between Left and Right to a head. The French naval policy remains unchanged; yet the strategy of the French delegation promises to be different. Hereafter, M. Tardieu will keep his eyes more closely on affairs in France, spending week-days in Paris and week-ends in London.

Negotiations in London, consequently, will fall largely to Briand, who continues in his indispensable rôle of Foreign Minister. However hedged about by restrictions, he will have opportunities thus far denied him to try his hand at conciliation and compromise. He will none the less be prohibited from doing anything that may imperil Tardieu at home.

Manifestly the most capable politician to emerge in France since the War, Tardieu well knows the difficulties that beset him. Right and Left in France balance on the edge of a knife. Had it not been for the naval conference a general election might have been called during the last few weeks. Only a general election, it may be, will finally decide whether Left or Right is to dominate. Meanwhile, Tardieu is again on top, and France seems fairly well satisfied to have him there.

▸▸*British Politics*

BRITAIN'S POLITICAL GROUPS have been indulging in a good deal of brotherly intra-party bloodletting. Impatient with what they considered the Labor party's conservatism, the Clydesiders of the Independent Labor party broke with Ramsay MacDonald to support the Opposition on the coal bill. Only the absence or defection of a small group of Liberals saved the government from defeat. Premier MacDonald therefore resigned from the Independent Labor party, of which he was once chairman and secretary, and severed a sentimental tie with the past. Lloyd George called the Liberals into conference and pathetically asked its rebels to rebel no more. He was awarded a vote of confidence.

Meantime, Stanley Baldwin was having his hands full with members of Lord Beaverbrook's British Empire party, that new-formed band of British Joe Grundys, high protectionists on everything, including food, who threatened to cut into the Pennsylvania of the Conservative party, the South of England, by putting up their own candidates. The country will have none of it! exclaimed Mr. Baldwin, referring to the Empire party's proposed tariff on food. But, protesting that he never would, he finally capitulated to the Beaverbrooks.

With reservations. Pledged with his party not to tax food, he could not go before the country pleading for food taxes in the next election. But there was something he could and would do. If the Conservatives were returned to power, he would summon an imperial conference to win the Dominions' consent to free trade within the Empire. With that in his pocket, he would take a referendum in the United Kingdom on the question: "Do you want to have your food taxed?" If the British people, who have consistently said no, this time said yes, he would ask that the referendum be formally ratified in a general election.

This satisfied the easily satisfied Lord Beaverbrook. He promptly abandoned his three-weeks-old party on the doorstep of his fellow-publisher, Viscount Rothermere, who is expected eventually to disown it. Nobody believes the Dominions will approve Beaverbrook's plan for a tariff wall around the British Empire and none within it. Nobody believes the British people will stand for food tariffs. In all likelihood, the issue has been indefinitely postponed. The Conservatives will probably forget about it as fast as possible.

▸▸*Marathoners*

MICHAEL PETILLO of Nutley—yes, Nutley—New Jersey, ended the great Nutley radio listening marathon by setting a new record of 155 hours of continuous listening. If 155 hours seems a long while, consider the fact that at about the same time the world amateur dance marathon in East Detroit, Michigan, ended, with five couples still on their feet. With rest periods of twenty minutes, later shortened to ten minutes, in each hour, these couples had been dancing since November 18. Yes, November 18.

It would be interesting to know which programs Mr. Petillo enjoyed most during his six and a half days before the radio. Undoubtedly, like most radio listeners, he heard some mention of the word progress. Progress of modern ideas, tastes, enlightenment; progress of modern civilization in general. Yet one reads that, during the three and a half months of the East Detroit dance marathon, participants have fallen to the floor foaming at the mouth. That considerably more than 100,000 persons paid one dollar each to see the hardier contestants shuffle around the floor, one

P & A

SITTING BY
Michael Petillo listens to radio for 155 hours at Nutley, N. J.

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partner carrying the other about while he or she slept. That they found hilarious those moments when sleep-dogged dancers staggered and went awry or recovered awkwardly in time to keep from falling. That managers of the exhibition encouraged the marathoners to fake fainting spells, collapses, and "dives;" to make touching gestures of weariness, since these tactics whetted public interest and filled both the bleachers and the till.

It may be merely normal curiosity for novelty which makes this sort of thing attractive. It may be merely the sense of unreality which makes it seem funny. Yet dance marathons are something to think about, sometimes, when inspirational talks on the progress of modern civilization become quite loud.

▶▶*Undiplomatic Deshabille*

HUEY P. LONG, Louisiana's tumultuous Governor, committed a faux pas. When the Commander of the German cruiser Emden and the German Consul in New Orleans paid him a formal call, Governor Long received them in green silk pajamas. The Governor thought he looked just right. It was Sunday morning, when no good American need be chagrined to be caught wearing pajamas. Moreover, he had furbished himself up with a fine red and blue dressing gown, costing $35, a Christmas gift from the State Banking Department. He had even taken the trouble to hunt up and put on his blue bedroom slippers. Yet the outfit so offended the German Consul that he demanded an apology. For a time it seemed that Germany might have to declare war on Louisiana.

Don't forget, however, what Governor Long has often reminded his audiences—that he is the "people's friend." He was equal to the occasion. As fast as he could, he borrowed the accessories of formal morning dress and hied himself to the Emden to apologize. He not only averted war; he received a twenty-one gun salute. To the offended Consul, he made a simple and genuinely dignified statement: "I am sorry about this. I come from Winnfield up in the hills of Louisiana. I know little of diplomacy and much less of international courtesies. . . . I only happened to be Governor, anyway. There was no royal heritage, but simply by chance I happened to receive more votes than the other men aspiring to the same office."

It was the "people's friend" speaking, in words worthy of Abraham Lincoln. One might almost say, "Watch this man; he has the stuff that homespun heroes are made of." In fact, we would say it, save for two things. One is Huey himself; he's not always so appealing. Again, the pajamas were green silk. They may have been a Christmas gift, of course, like the dressing gown. Nevertheless, they suggest the sybarite; they smack of the Lido. If Governor Long had been wearing a plain white cotton night-shirt, decently high-necked and with the orthodox slits at the sides, that would be a different matter. In that case, he might be well started on the road to greatness.

Remarkable Remarks

I do not adore this new divinity—the Masses.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

Prohibition is no panacea to cure all the spiritual ills of the people.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

America's Prohibition is a wonderful thing.—BERNARD SHAW.

Nobody now living will see Prohibition taken out of the Constitution.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I am very, very humble.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

In ten pages I had developed such a whole-hearted respect for Rudy Vallee . . . that I was willing to admit he knew his business.—HARRY HANSEN.

I know that I am far from perfect and that is the reason that I do not expect a perfect mate.—RUDY VALLEE.

▶▶*Silver Bullet*

HOPING TO BREAK Major Segrave's automobile speed record of 231.36 miles an hour and thus make the title doubly England's, Kaye Don, British racing car driver, has brought over his Silver Bullet for a tryout at Daytona Beach.

The Silver Bullet is a snub-nosed, thirty-one-foot cigar, with two skins, between which circulates the water of the cooling system. She is about three and a half feet high, as wide as the driver's shoulders, and weighs seven tons. When he makes his official try for the record, Mr. Don will start three miles back of the measured mile. Reaching this point, he will give the Bullet her entire two thousand horsepower and let her rip. If she makes four miles a minute, he will be satisfied, though she is estimated to be capable of 250 miles an hour. The measured mile completed, the Bullet will need four miles in which to slow to a stop. Her tires, new at the start, will be completely worn out.

The question of the value of building special racing cars and hanging up speed records is one never satisfactorily answered. Racing may be one method of testing out mechanical details for more practical use, though it is hard to find specific instances in which automobile manufacturers have been definitely indebted for their principles to recent races. What is more likely is that racing cars are built and driven for the thrill, a thrill slightly spiced by the patriotic emotions now associated with the record for speed. Nevertheless, these cars are good to look at, and if their hair-breadth dashes after new records should prove to be valueless and therefore in a class with endurance radio listening and marathon dancing—at least they are more quickly over.

▶▶*In Brief*

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY no basis for the report that the permanent chairmanship of the London naval conference has been awarded to Mr. Shearer. . . . Well, more than three hundred citizens of Oklahoma City have been partially paralyzed from drinking contaminated alcoholic liquor, armored rum-runners are operating on the Great Lakes, and the noble experiment grows nobler every day. . . . Mae Murray, suing for damages, charges that owing to the negligence of the producers, a movie in which she appeared was "an artistic failure." This, surely, must be the first artistic failure the movies ever heard of. . . . As far as can be discovered, the current idea in Washington is to appropriate a good deal of money for public works so as to relieve unemployment, and not to appropriate much so as to prevent a deficit in the Treasury. . . . It is distressing to hear these assertions that Senator Grundy has quartered lobbyists in his office in the Senate Office Building. One doesn't like to think of a lobbyist getting that close to Mr. Grundy. . . . Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford appear in the news so often, and so often together, that it is high time one name did duty for both. Thus: "Fordison," which cannot possibly be confused with the well-established "Fordson," since there is a difference not only of one letter but of about two thousand published words a day.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, as we recall, the notorious Gaston A. Means stepped off a senatorial witness stand at the close of a sordid story of mismanagement and corruption in the Department of Justice. His testimony, it was clear, meant that there must be a general house-cleaning, despite Calvin Coolidge's dislike of raising dust or anything else, and that Harry M. Daugherty must at last go. It was, indeed, quite a dramatic moment, and there fell over the committee chamber a strained silence, to be broken finally by Henry Ashurst of Arizona, the Senate's poorest but most prolific punster. "Well, sir," said the courtly Ashurst, "this is the first time I have known the end to justify the means."

This attitude, we find of late, prevails throughout the Capital with respect to the Caraway Lobby Committee and its inquisitorial methods. By this we would not like to give the impression that we minimize the importance of its work. There is no doubt in anybody's mind, with the possible exception of Messrs. Grundy and Bingham, that it has performed a useful service. It has disclosed that even worthy gentlemen will let themselves in for dark and dubious, if childish and fruitless, practices in an effort to influence or manipulate legislation, and that some Senators like to be influenced and manipulated. It has furnished proof that vote-swapping and log-rolling rank with poker and golf as our statesmen's favored pastimes. Withal, we find the public and the members themselves to be only mildly interested. Instead of being shocked, the Nation seems to share the attitude of Grundy and Bingham who, when discovered to have given office-room to professional lobbyists, asked: "Well, what of it?"

If this, unfortunately, reflects the popular reaction to the committee's disclosures, it has, in our opinion, only itself to blame.

We cannot escape the general belief that a spirit of partisanship has crept into its conduct. We may be mistaken, but Senators Caraway and Walsh of Montana, the Democrats, and their Insurgent colleagues, Senators Blaine of Wisconsin and Borah of Idaho, seem to lose their vigor when the victim upon the rack is not a Republican in good standing. In fact, Col. John H. Carroll, the most persistent and successful lobbyist in town, found little difficulty in diverting attention from the activities which brought him within the committee's jurisdiction. This good Democrat entertained the investigators with a few droll tales of his experiences as Queen Marie's American representative, and, for a moment, we thought the grim gentlemen of the committee would break into song hailing their witness as a "jolly good fellow." There was, we thought, a noticeable let-down in the committee's grilling when it became apparent that numerous southern Democrats were involved in the Muscle Shoals Lobby, as insidious a piece of work as has been uncovered. Lest we seem unfair, we note that the committee has seemingly been fairly tender in its treatment of Claudius H. Huston, Republican National Chairman and Muscle Shoals lobbyist. But he will be called and castigated, we imagine, when, in the opinion of Chairman Caraway, it will do the most good—or harm. If we were to venture a prediction, we would say that Mr. Huston will receive his summons about the time the Senate begins consideration of the bill for which the G. O. P. politician lobbied.

Herblock in Chicago Daily News

Dropping the Subject

Though the public may not have noted it, the committee has pursued a peculiar course in the submission of its findings to the Senate. Instead of presenting its reports at definite intervals, when it could furnish a proper perspective of its work to its creator, or at the conclusion of its investigation, the Caraway committee, whether from overenthusiasm or a reason we can only surmise, seems unable to restrain itself from rushing to the rostrum with the dash of a Paul Revere. Morning evidence becomes an afternoon speech on the floor; a bit of gossip blossoms into a philippic. It is quite amusing, but quite informal.

This device worked to perfection in breaking up the independent producers' lobby for a tariff on oil imports by the large companies. Staging its inquiry on the very day when the Senate was to vote on the petroleum schedule, the inquisitors brought out some damaging evidence against the western oil interests and their senatorial representatives. It required only the spilling of this oleaginous testimony into the Congressional Record to defeat the proposed duty, and the committee, of course, saw that this was done. We do not contend to defend or condemn this sort of practice, but we are surprised that those who suffer from it enter no protest.

If there were any leaders on the Republican side of the aisle, "Jim" Watson or Professor Fess would have made these idle thoughts of ours the subject of a Senate speech long ago. There would have been gentle proddings to the effect that the Senate did not create the committee so that it might become our best example of incessant investigation and perpetual oration. There would have been loud cries, to which the press and public might have listened, that the committee had appropriated unto itself more power than any five Senators are entitled to possess. There would have been a sounding of the 1923-1924 war cry—"We are weary of investigations and denunciation of legislation by the third-degree, as there was, in Coolidge's time, of government by investigation. There would have been protests that the most effective lobby on Capitol Hill is the Caraway Committee itself. We hear Republicans mumbling these things to themselves, but they seem to be afraid to speak out loud—for fear "Thad" Caraway may send them a summons.

A. F. C.

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Mei Lan-Fang at Home

By MARGARET G. SHOTWELL

On Broadway, accustomed to the offerings of Ziegfeld and Al Woods, the peer among Chinese actors is playing to capacity, if mystified, audiences. Miss Shotwell, who has recently returned from Europe, describes a performance in his native setting

THE COMING of Mei Lan-Fang, China's greatest actor, has been hailed by critics as the revelation of new possibilities in the dramatic art. The New York theatre-goer who takes the subway or a taxi through familiar crowds, finds himself, with no preparation beyond the hurried reading of the program, plunged into another world, strangely beautiful but utterly incongruous. The test of the performance, so it has been stated, is that this incongruity has not been felt. The scene on the stage is not out of keeping with the western setting.

But in his own city of Peking, Mei Lan-Fang exerts a greater spell than in New York. The explanation, therefore, of his hold upon the spectator lies not in any contrast between West and East but in the perfection of his art.

Seen in Peking, the Chinese drama was only the culmination and epitome of the strange sights and sounds to be seen every day on the streets. The ride in a rickshaw to the theatre in the evening was but a prologue to the performance. The avenue that leads out of the city past the great Chen Men gate southward toward the Temple of Heaven was crowded with blue-clad coolies, many of them pulling rickshaws with bobbing lights, others carrying burdens on poles balanced on one shoulder. There were hawkers selling trinkets or sweets, shouting their wares or blowing small trumpets and ringing gongs. Street-cars jammed to the step clanged through the traffic held up by a train of camels threading its way disdainfully towards the city. The street was lighted by festoons of electric bulbs hung in front of carved and gaily painted shop-fronts, while on the sidewalk were flickering oil lamps illuminating piles of bright persimmons or golden pears.

The theatre is in a narrow lane just off this boulevard which was lined with parked rickshaws waiting for the end of the performance. We drew up to a sort of wharf that projected into the mud of the lane and alighted. Even from outside the music was clearly audible, especially the gongs and drums, since a battle was being fought.

We then climbed a staircase as steep as a ladder to the balcony, pushed our way through a crowd of standees in the wake of the blue-robed usher and settled ourselves in some hard wooden seats that were vacated by three soldiers and a couple of civilians, who left without protest taking their teapot with them. There was so much noise that, at first, it was difficult to concentrate on any one thing, but after the preliminary bewilderment, the pandemonium resolved itself into two distinct parts, the audience and the play. In the first place the spectators seemed to pay no attention whatever to what was happening, and conversed in family groups all over the theatre so that there was a constant hum. Everybody was eating something, melon seeds or cakes, and drinking tea. Our seats had wide

Courtesy of Murdock Pemberton

MEI LAN-FANG

Costumed for the play entitled "The Bandit General"

arms, like schoolroom desks, to put the teapots on. The shouts of the vendors with trays of Chinese dainties, chewing gum, and packages of California dried fruits added to the din. At intervals the ushers threw steaming towels across the heads of the audience to those who wished to wipe their hands and face. Once in a while we heard loud shouts, which to our Western ears sounded like booing, but which were signs of approbation of some particularly good piece of acting.

All this time the performance was going on. Four characters in elaborately embroidered costumes were conversing in cadenced tones and striding around the stage with exaggerated steps. Several property-men, dressed in the blue of the Chinese workingman, moved about the stage, placing cushions on the floor for one actor to kneel on, rearranging his false beard while he was singing. The orchestra was grouped on the right of the stage in full view and consisted of several gongs, two one-stringed violins, a sort of banjo, drums and cymbals. The actors performed in all seriousness, but the members of the orchestra seemed so casual that one wondered how they kept such excellent time with the singing. Whenever one of them got tired, he lit a cigarette and folded his arms until he was rested.

There were so many entrances and exits in the first part of the evening that the details are somewhat confused. The ballet dances representing battles were fascinating to watch, when two men faced each other twirling swords or lances in mock fight, or the whole company came out and simulated fighting in an acrobatic ballet. The noise at that time was dreadful because of the brasses and the drums and the shouted conversations. The curtain dropped at the end of the battle, and there was a stir of anticipation through the audience for Mei Lan-Fang to appear.

The only changes in the setting were different satin tapestries on the wall and more gorgeously embroidered table and chair covers than in the first part of the evening. But the increased expectancy in the hall, and the crowds of curious spectators that stood several deep in the wings and on the stage, showed that this was the moment that they had waited for. Unlike the procedure in the acts that had gone before, there were no property men crossing and recrossing the scene of action while

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Good Resolutions

The Autobiography of An Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

After his second term in the reformatory, Coffey came back to his home in Philadelphia, determined to "work and study, hard and steadily." He carried out the first part of his resolution at once. But he soon lost the job, and then it was his fate to meet a grateful friend from the Underworld. The consequences can easily be guessed by the reader

THE NEARER I came to home the more I felt grateful to my father, the more I tried to think of how to express my gratitude. Words couldn't do it. The only way was to get a job as soon as possible, and work and study, hard and steadily. I'd take the first job I could get, too; not wait until I could find a good one. Start right in and then keep going; get up speed. The reformatory had kept me slowed down; I'd have to get out of the habit. Any job would help me do that; the harder the better.

At home they were expecting me. My mother, who had been out of bed a few weeks, had roasted two chickens —"for the return of the prodigal," my father said. I cried like a baby. Every one else cried too. Then we feasted in celebration, every one showing gladness. I made firmer than ever my resolve not to disappoint them again.

The next morning I left home early to answer several help wanted ads that I had seen in the paper. The first place was a small hospital near home which had advertised for an orderly. I got the job, which paid twenty-five dollars a month, room and meals. I didn't mind the small pay; I'd get a better job later. The important thing was that I had carried out the first part of my resolve; to get a job, any job, with the least possible delay. Now I'd go ahead and accomplish the rest of what I wanted to do.

A few days after I had started on the job six new girls came to get training as nurses. All were young and more or less pretty. The prettiest was small, slender, rounded; lively and witty; one moment her brown eyes were bold and flashing, then they'd soften and twinkle, and sometimes I saw them wide and wistful, and looking far away.

When I had talked with her a few times I couldn't think of anything but how to be near her. Each time she walked to the nurses' home through the back yard, I happened to have business with the engineer, and walked along with her. I was always looking for something to do on whatever floor she was stationed. One day, a week after she came, she told me she had been warned not to spend too much time talking to the orderly. I asked her to meet me when she was off duty, and we made a date to meet near the hospital at 7:15 in the evening. At the same time we agreed to see and talk with each other as little as possible when on duty.

I hurried home at 6 o'clock, had supper, and succeeded in borrowing a dollar from my oldest sister, adding it to seventy-five cents I already had. If D. should want to go to a moving picture or to a dance, I could take her. I put on a clean shirt of my brother's and his best tie, and hurried off. I had to wait only a few minutes when D. came, gay and smiling. It was too warm, she thought, to go to a moving picture or a dance; she had been indoors all day and wanted to be outdoors, to walk somewhere. I suggested going to Fairmount Park, a dozen blocks away; we could find a bench there and sit down and be cool and talk. She said that would be lovely. An hour later we were sitting on an out-of-the-way park bench.

Regularly each night, for many nights, D. and I repeated our walk to the park, and sat and spooned there. The first night of rain we went to a movie. I hadn't expected rain, but was fortunate enough to have money for our admission. I decided I must be prepared for similar emergencies in the future. There was no chance of my getting enough from my father out of my twenty-five dollar a month wages, so I thought I'd better be looking for another job from which I could get more spending money. But before I had time to look for another job, I was fired from the hospital. My offense consisted in going home at twenty minutes to six instead of at six. I had done it unwittingly, having hurried through my last duty of the day—collecting the refuse cans from each floor, taking them to the furnace and burning their contents, cleaning them, and then replacing them on each floor. Usually I started doing this at 5:30 and finished a few minutes before six. The evening before I had been several minutes late in meeting D; she had had to walk back and forth waiting; and some kids had embarrassed her by shouting: "Your fellow's stood you up; he's got another girl." She had almost cried from anger, and I had promised never to be late again. So the next night I hurried with the refuse cans, asked on each floor if I was needed for anything, and then went home. After I had gone the head nurse looked for me and discovered my early departure. The next morning she started scolding me in front of a couple of nurses, and I told her I thought she'd better get some one to take my place at the end of the month, about a week later. She said she wouldn't wait until the end of the month, and fired me on the spot. I was glad rather than sorry. Before leaving I went to the floor where D. was; told her about it and asked her to meet me in the evening. She said she would.

After leaving the hospital I bought an *Inquirer* and looked through the help wanted columns. I noticed several possibilities, and started out to call at the addresses given. If possible I wanted to get another job before going home, so I could say I had given up the hospital job for a better one. At each of the five places I called some one had been hired before I came. Then I went to several newspapers, to the composing room of each one, to ask for a job as proofreader or copyholder. Each time I was asked if I had a union card, and when I said no I was told there was no chance of a job without one.

When late afternoon came I made up my mind that rather than go home without a job I'd sell subscriptions for the Catholic magazine for which I had solicited shortly after my previous release from the reformatory. I felt sure that my complete loss of belief in Catholicism wouldn't hinder me in selling; instead I thought it should be a help, because I'd feel entirely free to

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shape my argument to suit the mind of each person I talked to. I went to the office of the magazine and was hired to begin work the next morning.

Several weeks after I had started on the job we went to the suburbs to work. Coming back to the city by street car took so much time I had to give up going home to supper in order to meet D. on time. One night I was late, and when I came I found her very angry. She said if I was late once more she'd stop meeting me, because she couldn't bear to have the kids hooting at her. As we walked along I lifted her hand and kissed it and said I'd surely be on time henceforward and she should forget about this time. But two days later I was late again, about twenty minutes late; the car was crowded and had been delayed frequently discharging and taking on passengers, and I had come the last couple of miles in a taxi trying to be on time. D. wasn't there. I saw some kids around and asked them if they'd seen her. Yes, they said, but she had gone off with another fellow. I didn't believe them. I phoned the nurses' home, but she wasn't in. I went to the corner near the nurses' home and stood an hour watching for her to come, but didn't see her. I went to a Western Union office, sent a boy with a message asking her to forgive me and meet me the next night, and told him to get an answer. He came back and said she wasn't in. I went again to the corner near the nurses' home, and waited until ten o'clock, but she didn't appear. Then I went to a drug store, bought stationery, and wrote her a letter, apologizing for my lateness, explaining it as unavoidable, and asking her to meet me the next evening at the same time and place.

The next evening I came fifteen minutes early, but she never showed up, I telephoned the nurses' home; she was busy and couldn't come. I wrote her another letter, saying I accepted my punishment willingly, that I'd be waiting for her again the next evening, that I'd wait any number of evenings, but to please drop me a line.

She didn't write and she wasn't there the next evening. I threw away the flowers I had brought, and took the candy home to my sister. I decided not to attempt to see or to write D. again until she wrote me. If she didn't want to see me any more, that was her business; but she wasn't the only pebble on the beach; I could find somebody else.

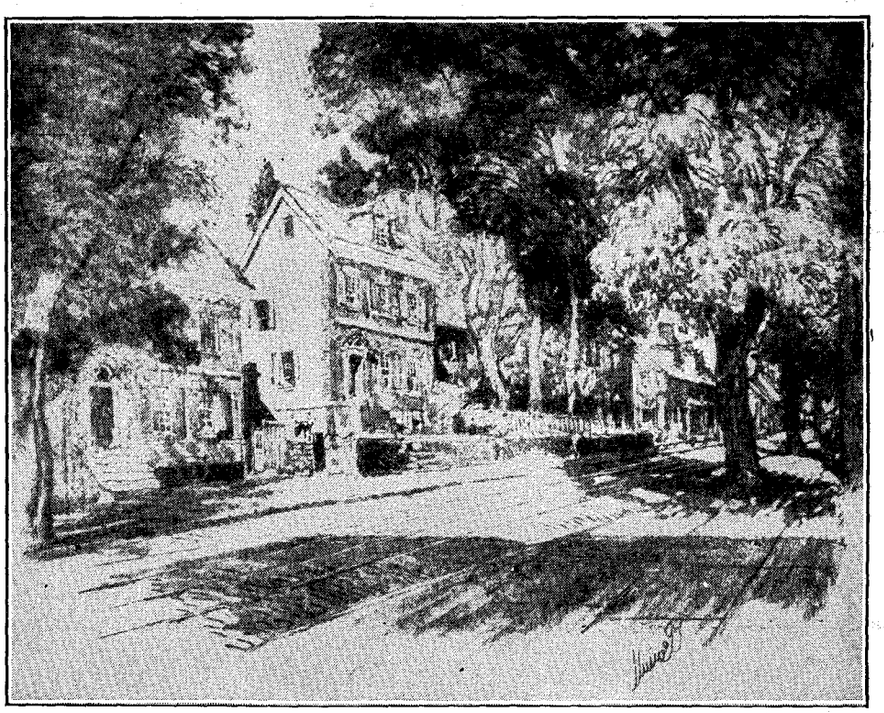
A FEW DAYS later a new member was added to our magazine crew. We rushed into each other's arms. It was the fellow who, the first time I was at the reformatory, had been working in the library and had given me the library book against the rules; and when the book had been traced to me I had said that I had stolen it from the library and had been reduced to the third grade and a red suit, which allowed my friend in the library to get out on parole. He said he owed me a party, the swellest party he could pay for—and he pulled out his wallet and showed that he had nearly $300. He proposed that we go downtown, round up a couple of girls, and do everything the town offered at his expense. I had had no word from D. and gladly agreed to join him.

He telephoned to a girl in the Tenderloin and asked her to get another girl to meet us about six in the evening. "I want to throw a party for a friend of mine," I heard him tell her; "He's a swell guy and did me a big turn once and I want him to have the time of his life. Get somebody nice. How about that pretty school-teacher? This guy's well-educated; they'll hit it off swell."

He began telling me about the pretty school-teacher. She was from a small town up-state, and had been fired by the school board for going on a party with a married man from another town. She couldn't get a job when she came to the city, and had grabbed off a rich old man who was giving her plenty of money. She was swell on a party, and she was smart; I'd like her.

He explained why he had taken a job selling magazines. He had just received a suspended sentence on a burglary charge—the ward leader had got it for him—and he had to make a show of having a job to satisfy the court probation officer. He had been getting plenty of money and would get plenty more as fast as he needed it. He showed me three diamond rings, a diamond stickpin, and a watch studded with diamonds. He said the suit he was wearing cost $100, tailor-made, and that he had a dozen more at home just as expensive. He noticed that we were the same size and offered to let me wear one of his suits for the evening if I wanted it. Mine was a cheap suit so I accepted. He told me to let him know any time I wanted to go out on a job with him; he usually worked alone because he didn't know anybody he could trust, but he had seen me put to the test and he knew he could trust me.

B. and I quit work early and, after stopping at a saloon for several drinks, he took me to his home and dressed me up. When we left to go downtown the only item of clothes of my own on me was my shoes, because his were a little



MAIN STREET, GERMANTOWN
A lithograph by Joseph Pennell

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too small. He loaned me a suitcase to carry my discarded stuff, and suggested that I check it at the Reading Terminal, so that if necessary I could use the suitcase in getting into a hotel.

The girls were waiting for us. The school-teacher was a peach, much prettier than B's blonde. Helen was her name.

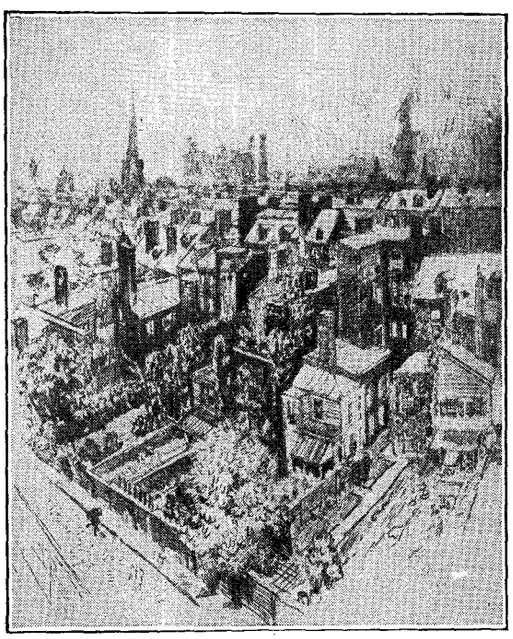
"She's a lot sweller than D," I thought. B. took a pint of whiskey from his pocket, poured four drinks, and started the phonograph. He proposed that they drink to me. "He saved me from doing a year, maybe more, in the——place on the face of the earth. This is his party. I want to give him the swellest time in his life. Ten guys, one after another, squealed. The last squealed on him. If he'd squealed I might have been doing time yet in that damn hole; but he didn't squeal. He took a year to save me one. Kiss him Helen, kiss him Flo."

Helen and Flo both kissed me. Then we danced to the phonograph music. Helen waltzed perfectly. I was gone. The whiskey, B's praise, Helen's beauty and kisses, my resentment of D's treatment, the months of restraint at the reformatory, doubt of my future accomplishment and success, joined together.

We went from cabaret to cabaret, drinking and dancing. I danced oftener with Flo than Helen, deliberately. Every place we went every male who had a chance spoke to Helen; she took delight in torturing them. I told myself not to let her know how she could torture me. I pretended complete indifference when she danced with a stranger, and there were many of them. "Let her dance and flirt and tantalize as much as she pleases, but I'll take her with me," I thought.

After work the next day I telephoned Helen and she said she had a date to go to dinner but asked me to call later in the evening. I said no and hung up. All day I had been thinking how lovely and fine and alive she was, and how terrible it would be for her to keep on drifting in the direction in which circumstances had driven her. I meant to try to persuade her to marry me and give up the old fellow who was supporting her. So long as we'd have each other's love and companionship steadily it wouldn't be hard to endure getting along on the little money I could earn, and I'd not be long finding a better job if I had her to take care of. She'd have a chance to look around until she found a job she liked; she could go to a business college and learn stenography and typewriting, and always have it to depend on whatever might happen. Perhaps before long she could go back to teaching school, the work she liked best.

I was hopeful and happy when I telephoned her, but when she mentioned having the date anger swept me. I went to a saloon across the street and had several drinks. I decided I'd better not see her; it might make her think I couldn't keep away from her; but if she saw that I could and really cared for me she might stop and think things over thoroughly, and make a definite decision. I decided I'd not see her or telephone her for several days.



BACK-YARDS
A lithograph by Joseph Pennell

I went home and found my absence had alarmed every one; they had feared I had left home again or had been arrested. I explained that I had been working far out in the suburbs, and had thought it would be better to spend the night near where I was working. I promised to telephone to the corner drug store any time I was staying away again. I was glad I had thought of such a good alibi: I could use it again.

B. came on the job the next day, after two days' absence. He showed me some rings and brooches and earrings that he said he had got the night before. It had been easy as pie he said; he had flirted with a servant girl, made a date with her on her day off, got her drunk on beer and then had stolen her keys from her purse. In talking with her he had learned the position of her employer's room. He said any time I wanted to try something to let him know.

That evening I kept my resolve not to telephone or see Helen. B. wanted to go on another party to celebrate his success but I said I wasn't in shape to go because I had had hardly any sleep for several nights. He expected to turn off another place the next night, and proposed the party for the night following. I said O. K. He insisted on buying me several drinks before I went home, and offered to let me have some more money, but I refused to take any.

The next day B. told me that Helen had asked Flo to find out how she could get hold of me by telephone or a letter; I hadn't given her my address. The news made me glad; I felt it meant that Helen really loved me. I decided to go and see her as soon as I had finished work. I quit work early, telephoned from near her place, and a moment later we were standing in her doorway, in each other's arms. I left about midnight and went home. Neither of us had brought up the subject of marriage or of Helen's giving up the old fellow. We arranged to go on B's party the next night, and Helen said that in the future I could see her any time I wanted to and that she would let nothing else interfere with my coming and staying as I pleased. On the way home I told myself that that was as much as I should ask of her until I could make enough money to support us decently. I couldn't see much difference between what she was doing and my lying and hypocrisy in selling the religious magazine.

The help wanted ads, which I looked over every day, didn't help any. I answered several, but each time I had a chance for a fairly decent job lack of experience or inability to give references made me lose out. I knew no one established in business to whom I could confide my difficulty and who would give me a fake reference. I had chances for other canvassing jobs, but none of them seemed to be any better than the one I had.

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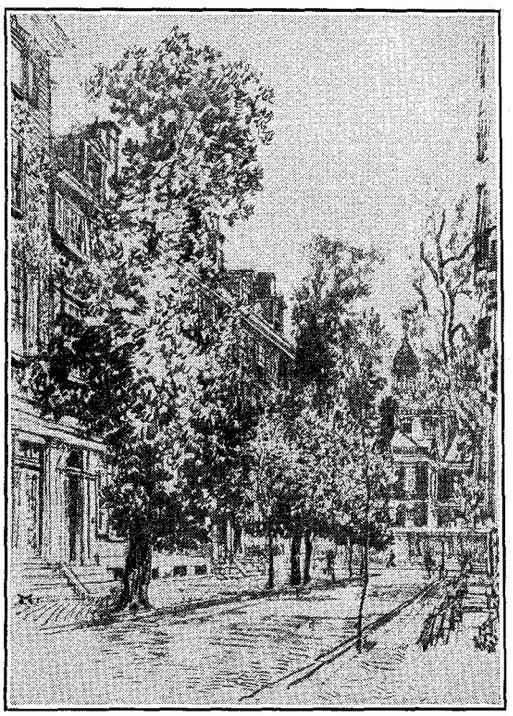
On my second monthly visit to the probation officer I told him how unpleasant and unsatisfactory my job was, and the difficulty I had in providing the references necessary for a better job. He said he realized the situation perfectly, that he had thought about it hundreds of times without finding a solution. He knew a few business men who took a liberal and sympathetic view of the ex-convict's situation, but at the moment they had hired every one they possibly could take on. He promised that he'd keep me in mind and let me know about the first opening, and told me to be sure that he was my friend. "The only thing that can stop me is murder. If you commit that I can't do anything for you, but if you do anything else you can't do anything better than come right here and let me know you've done it. If I can't do something to help you, I won't do anything to hurt you. You needn't be afraid of me. I want to keep people out of jail, not put them in." I said, "Thanks, Mr. Hackney," and hurried out, because I felt like blurting out to him all about Helen, but thought I'd better talk to her about it before saying anything.

My mother's condition grew steadily worse; she was in bed all the time and constantly in pain, hardly ever sleeping, and constantly saying the rosary. The doctor came several times a day; he said he was amazed at her continuing to live. One evening after he had attended her during a convulsion, I walked out with him and asked him to tell me if there was anything that could be done for her; if an operation, by anybody, anywhere, at any expense would make any difference.

"No, my boy," he said; "She hasn't a chance. A dozen operations wouldn't help now and any one of them would kill her. It's been too late for a long time."

Each day following I came home directly from work to see how my mother was. I avoided going on any more of B's parties by telling him that my mother was expected to die any moment and I didn't want to be away when it happened. B. was sentimental and accepted my excuse; he didn't realize that his "wise guy" stuff bored me until I couldn't see, hear or think. Usually I telephoned to Helen twice a day, and three times on days when I didn't see her in the evening. I had told her about my mother and she understood why I often stayed away from her. She usually was in when I called because she always let me know in advance when she was going out with the old fellow and what time she expected to be back. Several times when I knew that she was going out to dinner with him I didn't call her late in the evening;



CLINTON STREET [1]
A lithograph by Joseph Pennell

I resented her being with him so much that I knew I'd be harsh with her on the telephone and felt it would be better not to call at all. She noticed that my failure to telephone happened on such evenings, and one night when I was with her she asked me if I was jealous. " 'Jealous' isn't the word," I told her; "I resent your being with him because he has money, when you want to be with me but can't because I have no money. I'm not going to stand for it much longer, it's wrecking me." "I don't know what to do," she said, "I wish we had some money; enough to go off somewhere and have each other entirely for awhile, without thinking of anything else. Even if it were only a month it would be worth while. I've been wanting to get a winter coat and a suit—those I have are three years old —but I'm a fool, I can't ask him to buy them."

I was already hopeless and depressed—about my mother's constant, prolonged and inescapable agony, its injustice and futility; about Helen's situation; and because of my own inability to get a decent job. As the weeks went by I grew more so; and could see no permanent relief ahead. Every day that he was on the job B. usually bought me several drinks when we were through work, and poured into my ears, while we drank, tales of his prowess as a burglar and lady charmer. I drank whiskey, and each time poured my glass full, so I'd be sure to get drunk, or nearly so. Then I'd feel indifferent about everything, and not even mind hearing B's stories.

Although I cared little or less for B's conversation, I had to admire his friendliness and generosity. He approved heartily of my not wanting to join him in stealing while my mother was so near death; which was the excuse I had given. He'd never let me pay for a drink when he was present, and if others drank with us he'd slip me money to buy a round when my turn came. And when I had a poor day getting subscriptions, or each time he'd had a good one, he'd turn over several subscriptions to me. "They'll make you a crew manager if you keep turning in a lot. Then I can work under you and be sure of never getting fired," he said once, and laughed at his own humor.

One night I did something that hurt Helen's pride. I had been drinking and couldn't think what to do about it. To gain time I asked her to take a walk with me. She put on her new coat of squirrel fur; then took it off and put on her old one. I noticed the change, and was glad, but didn't say anything. It was chilly, and she asked why I wasn't wearing an overcoat. "I haven't any," I told her. "You need one," she said; "You'll catch cold." "I wouldn't mind," I said; "I'd like nothing better than double pneumonia." "Trying to make me sorry for you?" she asked. "I need to, don't I?" I threw back. "A little," she said. We walked for several blocks without talking, and my head grew clearer. I suggested that we go to a restaurant for coffee. "Let's go home; I'll make some coffee," she said, and we turned back.

We drank the coffee. I asked her

1. Illustrations in this article from "Our Philadelphia" by Mary R. Pennell (Lippincott)

(Please Turn to Page 476)

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England Goes A-Wooing

By T. R. YBARRA

IT HAS BECOME increasingly apparent of recent years that England is doing everything possible to strengthen the ties between herself and the British overseas dominions. So ardent, indeed, are her efforts in this direction that they amount to a veritable wooing.

She flatters Canadians, South Africans, Australians and New Zealanders. She stages big shows (like the exhibitions at Wembley) where they and the rest of the Britishers from the overseas British realm play star rôles. She obligingly changes the title of King George to spare certain susceptibilities.

Among Englishmen there is ever more talk of the importance of the "Empire," less insistence on the paramountcy of the mother-country. One day, Lord Beaverbrook launches his "Empire Crusade;" the next, some other notable of the British Isles bursts into print with facts and figures tending to make inhabitants of the dominions swell with pride at their commanding position in English minds. More and more does England tell the dominions: "You acknowledge me as the center of the British Empire merely because you are willing to do so. If you don't like me any more, you are at liberty to break away. But I am going to make you like me, make you love me!"

There are excellent reasons for this amiable attitude of the English toward the dominions. It is becoming constantly clearer that the future of the United Kingdom depends very largely on whether it manages to get along well with Canadians and South Africans, Australians and New Zealanders, and the peoples of the rest of the Empire, some of whom are entertaining serious ambitions of winning dominion status for the lands in which they live.

In mentality, many Canadians are closer to the United States than to England. Out of South Africa have come voices condemning the entanglement of that land in "purely European" concerns; there are South Africans, in fact, who have thrown all caution to the winds and demanded actual independence from British control.

There are not many Afrikanders of such an uncompromising type, to be sure. But the fact remains that the general attitude in South Africa toward too much control from England is such that the English have become only too well aware that the velvet glove must be used.

At the time of the Locarno Treaty, South Africans made it perfectly clear to the mother-country that they did not approve at all of getting involved in agreements guaranteeing France's Rhine frontier against German aggression—or, for that matter, of guaranteeing anybody's frontier against aggression by anybody.

And other parts of the Empire also have been hinting that they are imbued with a new self-consciousness which might conceivably develop into something like the sentiment which caused the American colonists to rise in rebellion against the English a century and a half ago.

Side by side with this budding self-consciousness there is a growth in commercial importance of the British overseas dominions and a dwindling of England's commanding position commercially both within and without the British Empire. Statistics compiled by the Imperial Economic Committee, made public recently, have proved this in a manner to startle even the most insular of Englishmen, even the most confirmed believer in the old English policy of muddling through.

These figures show that, whereas the trade of the British Empire as a whole is increasing, that of England is decreasing. The trade of the whole world increased between 1913 and 1927 by 20 per cent, while that of the entire British Empire rose, within the same period, by more than 27 per cent. In 1927, the British Empire did nearly 30 per cent of the world's entire trading, as against a little less than 28 per cent in 1913. In 1913, all of northern and western Europe (including Germany and Italy) did 7 per cent more of the world's trade than the British Empire; in 1927 they did 2 per cent less than the British Empire.

England, however, instead of winning her share in this upward trend of imperial British trade, has fallen back. Whereas, in 1913, exports from England were about 7 per cent more than those of the British overseas dominions, the exports of the latter now exceed those from England by about 40 per cent. Canadian exports, in fact, during the aforesaid period, have actually doubled. The trade (exports as well as imports) of the overseas dominions with foreign countries has increased, within the above-mentioned span of time, far more rapidly than that between the said dominions and the mother-country. The tendency of these dominions to trade directly with foreign countries instead of indirectly, through England, has become constantly more noticeable.

Every day adds to the number of Englishmen who are becoming aware of the serious state of affairs as between England and the dominions. On his recent trip to Canada, that astute Laborite, J. H. Thomas, was astonished to realize that, for every dollar that a Canadian spends in England, he spends five in the United States. Thomas was also told, to his chagrin, that Canada consumed 16,000,000 tons of American coal and 300,000 tons of American steel; that there was something like a billion American dollars invested in Canada; and that, of the total number of foreigners entering Canada as immigrants in 1928, less than half came from England. Not very palatable information for an Englishman to swallow!

Hence England's wooing of the dominions. Nor are the English blind to the difficulties confronting them in their wooing.

"The problem is one neither of pure politics nor of pure commerce," says a writer in a leading British weekly. "Even if the commercial arguments for Imperial Free Trade, with tariffs against the rest of the world, could be conclusively proved, there still would be political difficulties presented by the right of every dominion to determine its own fiscal policy and to protect those interests which it deems most important. Conversely, it would be equally wrong if we allowed our convictions that preferential tariffs are unsound to obscure the immense political value of all forms of closer union."

Meanwhile the love-songs addressed by the English to the people in the British overseas dominions keep growing in volume, intensity and tenderness. Never did medieval troubadour extol his inamorata in more dulcet tones!

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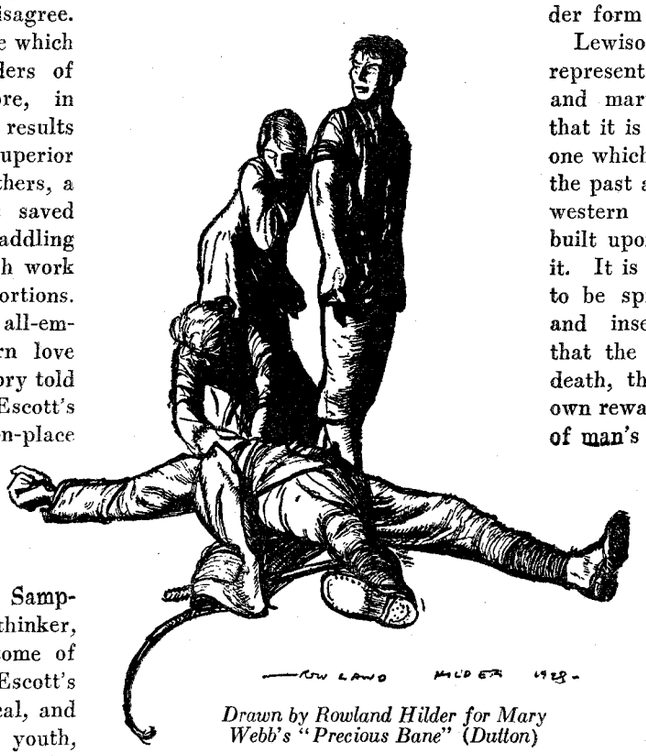
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Wisest Word

OF ALL the novelists who have taken American marriage as their theme, and of all the psychologists, professional and amateur, who have discussed it, no writer has brought to the subject a vision deeper or more idealistic, a spirit more humane than Ludwig Lewisohn whose *Stephen Escott* (Harper $2.50) is a memorable novel. Lewisohn's books may always be taken up with an assurance of satisfaction. It is often possible to disagree with some of their statements, but they are never marred by superficial thinking, banality or slovenliness. Their style is strong and finished. There is always a nice adjustment of manner and vocabulary to subject. They are always vivid, exciting to emotion and intelligence, and highly readable. And in *Stephen Escott* there is nothing with which a reasonable person can disagree. The faint touch of race prejudice which is sometimes irritating to readers of Lewisohn's books is no more, in *Stephen Escott*, than such as results from a natural faith in the superior wisdom of Jewish ways over others, a faith, by the way, which has saved Lewisohn from the fence-straddling which prevents much fine Jewish work from reaching its putative proportions.

Lewisohn casts his noble and all-embracing commentary on modern love and marriage in the form of a story told by Stephen Escott in which Escott's own experience is the common-place background against which is played the tragedy of Paul Gordon, lover, poet and murderer. Incidental, but significant detail is added by the secondary characters, David Sampson, Jewish lawyer and thinker, and Oliver Ames Clayton, epitome of the well-born business man. Escott's experience is presented as typical, and may be so accepted. As a youth, blindly and narrowly brought up by parents to whom sex is associated with uncleanness and sin, Escott is thrown by his young need and by several by no means unusual shocks into early marriage with a girl who typifies American young womanhood. With such girls, whether they be Victorian maidens or flappers filled with gin and chatter about "It," romantic dreams and curiosity about sex are the substitutes for honest emotion. The Escott marriage shows a face of contentment to the world. There is a pleasant home and there are children. But husband and wife are miserable. The man takes refuge in dreams, the woman in bitterness which turns into illness. The trouble may be diagnosed as faulty sex education. His wife's death from decay of her will to live, releases Escott. Having failed to find happiness with a woman whose fear and hatred of the flesh he knew not how to overcome, he fails as abysmally with one who fears and hates the spirit, and settles into a life of resignation. Escott's friend and law-partner, Sampson, is blest by a marriage which has been made and kept perfect by acts of will and not by



Drawn by Rowland Hilder for Mary Webb's "Precious Bane" (Dutton)

that good luck to which most people look for the gift of perfection in marriage. Escott's and Sampson's practice as divorce lawyers brings them into touch with many phases of American marriage, and Escott's understanding ripens with his practice. Through his eyes, we see the last case handled by the firm, the defense of Paul Gordon for the murder of his wife's lover. The poet's story is the deftly exaggerated drama which points the theme of Lewisohn's book. Gordon's wife has been for him the fulfillment of the mystery of Plato's Eros, "the yearning for beauty and union with beauty that runs through the universe." From his passion for her, his poetry has sprung. Incapable of such love, voluntarily childless, the woman is seduced by the anti-male-domination, personality-development drivel of feminists, the self-expression, sex-vulgarization talk of "free souls" into a love affair with a man who will take anything that is brief and cheap. In defense of his ideal of love, Gordon kills him. Gordon's beliefs and the rational steps which led him up to murder form the heart of the novel.

Lewisohn's book may be taken to represent the ideal attitude toward love and marriage. Feminists would say that it is the ideal *male* attitude. It is one which has been shared by women in the past and must continue to be if our western civilization which is largely built upon it is to survive as we know it. It is the attitude which knows love to be spirit and flesh, complementary and inseparable, which understands that the wages of sin against love is death, that faithfulness to love is its own reward, and accepts art as the fruit of man's love and children as the fruit of woman's.

As a novel Lewisohn's book is full of structural faults, as he well knows, but the dramatic form is the only one which would have held together the various factors to be included. As Sampson says, in discussing the presentation of Gordon's case to the jury—"the communication of important truth in the form in which it can be communicated." What Lewisohn communicates is important. And it is truth.

Most criticism of contemporary marriage throws its emphasis on economic factors. Discussions of com-

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Betrayed by his Sweetheart

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panionate marriage, birth control and divorce, especially, disregard all except economic considerations. And marriage as western man has developed it is based on something else. Lewisohn's book has an older wisdom, a greater depth, a larger humanity which lifts it far above even such good books as Russell's *Marriage and Morals*. For the things with which it deals are things which lie in the secret places of men's hearts. And there the artist is a better guide than the scientist.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

JACOB WASSERMAN, the German novelist, has written in *Christopher Columbus, Don Quixote of the Seas* (Little, Brown $3.50), a remarkably dispassionate biography of the discoverer, which is a splendid piece of narration, a sombre and exciting tragedy. The material at his hand is controversial and meagre, but he has used it with much skill, as might be expected. His interest in the comparison of Columbus to Don Quixote seems to this reviewer somewhat far-fetched and labored. Much more interesting, much more enlightening is the idea expressed in the following quotation, descriptive of Columbus' resolve to make his voyage into the unknown: "In this may be seen that splendid mysterious power of mediæval man, who knows no independent purpose, but remains an instrument in all his deeds and feelings with his gaze upon an unknown being whose creature he is. The religious element in Columbus is no pretext or embellishment, nor does it rest upon any dogmatic view of life; it is the very heart of the man himself. This is his attitude to the consciousness of his mission, his vocations, and in this way he feels that man must pit himself against the elemental forces as against some lower form of soulless life inimical to God, and master them: and such was the purpose of his voyage."

Edna Kenton, whose scholarly work on the Jesuit Relations has qualified her to deal with pioneers and Indians, has written an excellent "life and times" biography, *Simon Kenton*, 1755-1836 (Doubleday, Doran $3.50), the story of the Kentucky pioneer whose exploits have been somewhat lost sight of in the emphasis thrown upon those of his comrades, Boone and George Rogers Clark. Kenton ran away into the wilderness at sixteen. His adventures read like Boone's and Clark's. He participated in Dunmore's War and thereafter in every one of the frontier conflicts until the wild land was tamed, when he ran afoul of debtor's laws and land sharks. Miss Kenton has based her work on old records and papers, quotations from which are used with great skill. "These old reminiscences," she writes, "show [the place occupied by Kenton] in the turn of a phrase. 'But Simon Kenton came up'—and all was well. 'But Kenton advised'—and the plan was changed. 'But Kenton had seen'—and his was the vision." Kenton always acted, as his contemporaries said, "on his own hook" as scout, spy, ranger, guide, commander, protector and avenger. His "little block house stood on its hill, open to all and known of all who passed in and out of Kentucky. It was no secret fort; it was a literal magnet for collecting information on which not only Kentucky and Virginia, but the central government itself, acted. And yet, for all its fame in history, it might have been a little secret center set up in some Kentucky cave, never seen or known of men. Its commander operated outside of the 'regulations,' and this is why most of his services were never written into the records of his time; why they lingered only in the memory of the people he served."

Oddly enough, an incident in Kenton's youth is said to have suggested "Mazeppa." He was the original of the hero of Richard Bird's *Nick of the Woods*, a popular adventure novel of the mid-eighteenth century. Miss Kenton's book is fascinating from the first page to the last. And largely so because she has kept her own twentieth century speculations out of it and allowed Simon Kenton's grand story to tell itself. Readers of *The Great Meadow*, Elizabeth Roberts' fine new novel, will especially enjoy this factual account of a pioneer life lived in the same time and place.

It seems likely that Giovanni Papini, whose *Life of Christ* brought him such renown, has in *Life and Myself* (Brentano $3) collected some bits of his reflective writing and offers them to his public out of the kindness of his heart. He could scarcely expect these superficial papers to add to his stature, even in the sight of the uncritical. Even the readers who were overwhelmed by the beauty and inspiration of the *Life of Christ* will not be awestricken by the majesty of Papini's thoughts as set down in these papers. Death, love-letters, madness, lost youth, introspection and futility provide the themes for soliloquies, parables, and stories most of which have a macabre quality and all of which are written in the meretricious, false-good style of his earlier work.

Isabel Paterson's new novel, *The Road of the Gods* (Liveright $2.50), is a good story and a charming piece of writing, but it is not a rich, stirring novel like her *Singing Season*. The setting is Thuringia in the first century B.C., the years immediately preceding the arrival in the German forests of Rome's conquering legions. The young lovers are Hoath and Greda, priest son of the tribal High Priest and granddaughter of the "strange woman," the tribe's Washer of the Dead, a Mediterranean courtesan who has been the High Priest's mistress. The children's graceful, touching story is played against the more lurid one of their parents. Tutored by her vengeful grandmother, Greda is Delilah to her young lover. He betrays his priestly

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trust and the Romans come, marching like the ants which, according to prophecy, were to destroy the tribe. So far as this reviewer recalls, Naomi Mitchison is the only novelist who has set her stories of unchanging humanity in a barbarian world and succeeded in giving reality and poignancy to them. Miss Paterson writes delightfully, and her books are lodestones capable of drawing this reviewer any day into Mediæval Spain or Tudor England. But not into Barbarian Germany.

A Short History of the French People by Charles Guignebert (Macmillan, 2 vols. $15), published this week, will be reviewed briefly later by Allen Porterfield: and *Byron* by André Maurois (Appleton $5), published last week, will be reviewed next week.

Warwick Deeping lays the scene of his new novel, *Exile* (Knopf $2.50) in Italy, among the English exiles, as they call themselves. The army of the old and sick, the declassé or the financially reduced is so large that with each new arrival one is inclined to speculate by what tempest in Wall Street, or drama of the French divorce court, the new-comer is projected into the miscellaneous milieu of a Mediterranean resort town. It is with the rehabilitation of some of these derelicts, and the destruction of some others, that Mr. Deeping concerns himself in this book. *Exile* again displays the qualities which have won the author such a great and loyal public. This author's work is invariably both sound and agreeable.

There is no place in the world for the Superman. Such is the conclusion we draw from reading the intensely interesting novel, *Gladiator,* by Philip Wylie (Knopf $2.50) which we took up, we confess with some distaste. Prejudiced by the title and the cover with a very strenuous naked man apparently defying the universe, we supposed we had here another tale of the Great Open Spaces and Men Who are Men. However, this is the story of a biologist's prenatal experiment on his own son. Hugo Danner was born with super-human physical strength, plus a fine brain and a thoughtful gentle nature. But throughout his life his mysterious power rouses only fear, repulsion, jealousy, and hate among his fellows. He is sentenced to the solitary imprisonment of his own superiority. As a background fitting his protagonist, the author has used a vast canvas, painting in bold strokes the War, college football, steel mills, and Mayan excavations. It is a splendid allegory surcharged with emotion, not emotionalism. Hugo Danner was as lonely as Adam. We hope this novel will not prove as prophetic, scientifically speaking, as the works of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells. We are not ready for god-like men.

Behind the Blurbs

"IT IS A PLAIN FACT that there is a genuine literary censorship in New York, and that John S. Sumner is the censor. The worst of it is that the censorship is more deadly here than in Boston." Thus the N. Y. *Telegram,* which goes on to show how the publishers bow to Sumner's lightest word. Particularly interesting to us was the fact that Baker and Taylor, the largest book wholesalers in the country, admitted that they refused to handle any book of which Sumner disapproved. They even ask his opinion when they are in doubt about any particular book. And if he says it is bad they allow him to confiscate all the copies they have. ☙ ☙ ☙ A reading of *Saladin: Prince of Chivalry*[1] confirms us in our belief that the Saracens who defended their homes against the attacks of the Crusaders weren't such a bad lot after all. Leaving aside Saladin himself, who practiced the principles of chivalry which the Crusaders professed, there are plenty of instances of mercy, kindness and fair dealing among the Moslem warriors; and to set against their cruelties you will not have to search far to find enough Christian betrayals and atrocities to justify them. The book pretends to do no more than give a picture of a great leader and chivalrous fighter, and this it does very well. ☙ ☙ ☙ Of the 28 stories in *Fifth Avenue*[2], it is noticeable what a large proportion have to do with clever schemes for getting something for nothing. Cinematographic stories, which when they turn into shorthand are rather tiresome, but when—as in "Hands," for instance—they abandon a too modern method, become vivid and gripping. They do give a cross section of New York. ☙ ☙ ☙ E. V. Lucas' *Windfall's Eve*[3] is a pleasant, rambling story of what happened to an elderly British Museum curator when he unexpectedly won the Calcutta Sweepstakes. Mr. Lucas' stories are always quietly amusing, and it is nice to be thrown for a time with pleasant people, even though they don't do anything very exciting. ☙ ☙ ☙ If you want to know what a desert is really like, read *Fever Pitch*[4], the story of Marston and the Mexican dancing girl

1. By Charles J. Rosebault: McBride, $3.50.
2. By Fred Rothermell: Harcourt Brace, $3.00.
3. Lippincott, $2.50.
4. By Frank Waters: Liveright, $2.50.

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL

DAVID KING

KING left Harvard in 1914 to join the "Foreign Legion" in France, and to quote the Outlook:

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Introduction by W. E. WOODWARD

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who go out into the desert to find gold. It's a badly built story, and the machinery by which it is told by a third person seems to us unnecessarily clumsy, but the picture of the desert, as seen by those thirsty and suffering travelers, is unforgettable. ❧ ❧ ❧ Do you sleep curled up like a hedgehog with the sheet drawn over your head? Then you are probably a coward. Do you sleep on your stomach? You thus betray your stubbornness and negativity. This we learned from Alfred Adler's *Problems of Neurosis*[5], which discusses his theories in the light of the cases of many people who have come to him for help. There are many interesting examples of how the theories work in actual practice. ❧ ❧ ❧ "There was a little chap out in North Platte who used to beat up Bill Cody every chance he got. I finally asked him not to beat up Bill any more. I said: 'Dave, he's no man. Let him alone.' He was a fine looking man, who could break balls with birdshot all right, but of all the yellow humans I've ever met, he was it." So Frank Tarbeaux of Buffalo Bill, in *The Autobiography of Frank Tarbeaux*[6], the story of an adventurer who numbered among his friends Wild Bill Hickok, Jesse James, Oscar Wilde, the King of Hawaii and many other famous people, who gambled and fought and held up stage coaches and raced horses and was up to other nefarious tricks, all of which are related in these pages. ❧ ❧ ❧ We have never cared for the Geste boys, of whom P. C. Wren has written several tales. We like to try at least to identify ourself with the heroes of our thrillers, but the Gestes were impossible. Such heights of conscious heroism, daring and nobility were beyond imagination. Never for a moment were they natural. Even in their tubs you know that they were aware of that recording angel, P. C. Wren, at the keyhole, noting down with little cries of admiration the grace and nobility with which they soaped their ears. But we have read *Mammon*[7], P. C. Wren's last book, and though we read it under protest, we have to admit that we stuck to it until it was finished. It is the story of a boy, completely under his mother's thumb, who becomes engaged to a very modern young lady, then throws her over at his mother's insistence and marries another. And the corpse of the first—but we won't spoil it for you. It is awkwardly told, at too great length, but if you start it, we predict you'll finish. ❧ ❧ ❧ Another author whom we have sometimes been unable to read is P. G. Wodehouse. At his best he is riotously funny; at his worst he is cambric tea, without sugar. But in *Mr. Mulliner Speaking*[8] he is champagne. Read these stories told by Mr. Mulliner in the bar parlor of The Anglers' Rest, but read them in private, where your cackles will not disturb others. ❧ ❧ ❧ We read Richard Le Gallienne's *There Was a Ship*[9], which is a thin, romantic, readable tale, replete with pretty pictures, exciting in spots, of how Dionysus Lancaster sailed with Captain Thunder to raise a sunken treasure, how they fought a shipful of Roundheads for it and won both the gold and the lovely Lady Calliope, how they were captured by Barbary pirates and how they fared in the palace of the Dey of Algiers, and lastly how after much strife and many plots, they won safely home. ❧ ❧ ❧ *Peril at Cranbury Hall*[10] is a pretty good thriller. Oliver, ne'er-do-well and ex-con, went to Cranbury Hall to manage the new sanitarium. Result: attempts on his life by bullet, gas, gas engine, automobile and toothbrush. He was, if we may say so, the gooseberry at Cranbury Hall. Several people would like to know him and his secrets in the deep, deep grave, but it took Dr. Priestly to find out which was the murderer, and to solve a most ingenious cipher—the only detective story cipher we have ever been able to understand. ❧ ❧ ❧ A very pleasant murder yarn is *It Was Locked*[11], in which young Robin Smith, poet, is invited down to Alston Manor by Lady Dorothy for the week-end. Several things happen to wound his pride, so Robin, going upstairs to get his poems, skins out of his window and beats it secretly for home. But when they finally go to look for him, his door is locked, and there is a dead guest halfway under the bed. Pretty black for Robin, what? But all's well, as somebody once said, that ends well.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from he following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Exile, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. Reviewed in this issue.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking. A poet's vision of pioneer woman and one of America's finest historical novels. Reviewed March 5.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday Doran. London life as seen by a doctor; another of Sir Philip's reports on social conditions in fictional form. Reviewed January 29.

Non-Fiction

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic. Original edition reviewed June 7, 1927.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed next week.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. In his explosive technique, Ludwig informs us that in Lincoln we have a man "immemorably unique." Reviewed February 19.

The Human Mind, by Karl Menninger: Knopf. To be reviewed later.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a valuable catharsis of laughter.

Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

Old Highway Robber Philosophy, by Arthur A. Schwarz. Plain Talk, April.
Characterizing the modern hold-up man and gangster as a very dull knave for all his efficiency, the author tells of the wit and repartee with which 17th Century thieves despoiled their victims. He quotes the famous verses delivered extemporaneously by Walter Tracey as he robbed Ben Jonson, the great dramatist.

Making the Air Safe for Democracy, by Norman R. Sturges. The Sportsman, March.
In an effort to produce an airplane that does not demand great skill and wide experience from its pilot, a prize of $100,000 was recently offered by the Guggenheim Fund for a "safe" aircraft competition. Mr. Sturges explains in plain language the amazingly severe tests that the winner had to pass. The competition produced many valuable ideas.

Twenty-Four Hours of a Lawbreaker, by I. M. Hussey. Harper's, March.
The author takes an average man conducting an average small business through an ordinary day. At the end of twenty-four hours his imaginary character has unwittingly committed crimes aggregating almost $3,000 in fines and five years in prison. Mr. Hussey concludes ironically by estimating that in a single year serious law enforcement would penalize his man $2,052,919.55 in fines and 1,825 years in jail.

A Challenge to the Federal Farm Board, by Jesse E. Pope. Atlantic Monthly, March.
Believing that the procedure of the Federal Farm Board "is so radical a departure from ordinary practice that it amounts to a revolution," Mr. Pope takes up the much discussed farm problem in relation to the methods adopted by the Board. His answer to the question—can it succeed where other agencies have failed—is a categorical negative.

Lowering the High Cost of Babies, by Dr. Frank H. Richardson. Good Housekeeping, March.
Most young married people want children, the author believes, but how in this age of specialization can they afford to have them? The answer is to return with confidence to the family doctor, who is capable of treating 80% of the troubles with which ordinary families are confronted. The rise of the specialist has dimmed the reputation of the general practitioner. Dr. Richardson advises young couples to seek him out.

If Uncle Sam Turned Job-Hunter, by Kenneth Coolbaugh. Nation's Business, March.
To meet the unemployment situation, the government should not undertake to run a vast labor exchange, says this State employment office superintendent, because this would lead in the end to unemployment doles. The best a national clearing house could do would be to pass along up-to-the-minute data on labor needs to the smaller public bureaus. The actual work of moving unemployed to districts that want men is largely the duty of private enterprise.

5. Cosmopolitan, $3.00.
6. Vanguard, $2.50.
7. Stokes, $2.00.
8. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.
9. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.
10. By John Rhode: Dodd Mead, $2.00.
11. By John Hawk: Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.
12. By Annie Haynes: Dodd Mead, $2.00.

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Labor Problems

As Seen in Recent Books

IN THE SENATE of the United States there is pending a bill which, though not yet widely discussed in the press, certainly outranks the tariff bill in importance, and can be compared only with the issues raised when the confirmation of Chief Justice Hughes was under consideration. This is the proposal for a law to govern labor injunctions in federal courts. It is not a comprehensive labor code, nor does it embody the demand of the Socialist party for the "abolition of injunctions in labor disputes."

Those who would understand precisely what, if enacted, it would do, and why it must be done if the courts are to regain the confidence of labor, and if the pledges of the Republican and the Democratic parties in the last national campaign are to be made good, cannot do better than to read and ponder *The Labor Injunction* (Macmillan) by Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard and Nathan Greene of the New York bar. It is all there—history of the injunction in labor disputes, history of the legislative efforts to define and limit its use, description of it in action, detailed study of procedure, kind of evidence on which injunctions are based, their scope and enforcement.

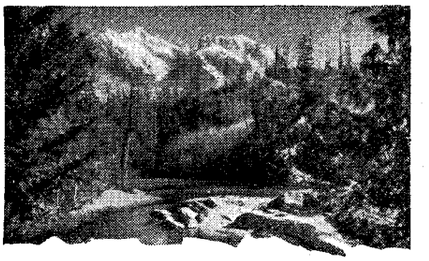
It is an amazing story. Lawyers and economists will read it with profit; employers, trade unionists, even the general reader, can understand it. Equity is ancient in English and American courts, but the use of the injunction as a weapon of industrial conflict is recent. In flagrant instances it amounts to the usurpation of legislative power by appointed judges, not responsible to any electorate, and swayed, as any senator or other lawmaker might be, by political allegiances, by economic views, and by social influences.

Those who do not realize the urgency of this issue and the need for early constructive legislation are living in a fool's paradise—if indeed a one-sided prosperity and a preoccupation of the courts with the protection of property interests as against human interests looks to them like paradise. In the labor world, and among those who appreciate the gravity of industrial conflict, the subject is already receiving attention. The Federal Council of Churches has issued an important bulletin on the use of injunctions in labor disputes. Textbooks in economics are beginning to include references to it. The new edition of *Labor Problems,* for example, by Gordon S. Watkins of the University of California (Crowell), in its chapter on the aims and policies of labor organizations, has an admirable three-page summary of the attitude of the unions towards the injunction, explaining the Buck Stove and Range writ (prohibiting even the friends and sympathizers of the union from making any reference whatever to the fact that the company had ever been involved in any dispute with labor) and the even more extraordinary order of Judge Anderson in the United States District Court at Indianapolis in 1919. That brief chapter also has the natural reference to a dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes. With equal appropriateness the Frankfurter-Greene book is dedicated to Justice Brandeis, "for whom law is not a system of artificial reason, but the application of ethical ideals, with freedom at the core."

For more than a century after Adam Smith, the science of economics, preoccupied with the principles of distribution and exchange, greatly neglected the principles and problems of consumption. Professor Simon N. Patten's monograph on *The Consumption of Wealth,* some forty years ago (later edition by Ginn, 1901), may be taken as the signal of a change, the full measure of which is only now apparent. *The Economic Principles of Consumption,* by Paul H. Nystrom, professor of marketing in the Columbia School of Business (Ronald Press) is a textbook which deals with concrete standards of living, not in any subtle or mysterious way, but as determining the market for goods.

Speaking of conflict and of standards of living—sociology, as well as economics, deals with these subjects. Carl A. Dawson of McGill University and Warner E. Gettys of the University of Texas, in their *Introduction to Sociology,* (Ronald Press), have produced a useful textbook. It has no pretension of originality in the invention of new concepts, but does present in a systematic and correlated way "the concepts which have stood the test of wide usage." *Sociology and Sin* (Norton) by P. Sargant Florence of Magdalen College, Cambridge, is a plea for scientific method, by which the author means the exclusion of ethical and theological ideas from discussions in the social sciences. This is a recent addition to the handy little volumes in The New Science Series, edited by C. K. Ogden.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.



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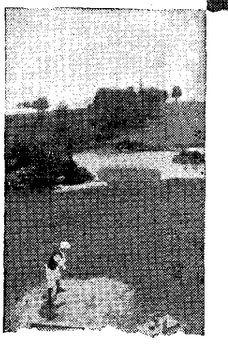

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IF OPPOSITE EXTREMES are of any value in determining what pleases one's theatrical palate, we spent a most valuable brace of evenings last week. For we saw, among other things, a collection of Mei Lan-Fang's Chinese dramas, played by himself and his company from Pekin, and we saw John Wexley's *The Last Mile*.

And we defy anybody to get any better extremes than these.

The Last Mile we understand was even taken from life itself in its dialogue, scene and events—its first act being a dramatization of an extraordinarily unpleasant but powerful autobiographical document which appeared in the *Mercury* a short while ago, setting forth the experiences of a man in state's prison, waiting in the death house for the hour when he would be electrocuted. After this pleasant affair was at hand, the *Mercury's* article ended. But not this play. Enter the latest newspaper reports of riots at Auburn and elsewhere, in the shape of two acts of riot, shooting, dynamite, and the greatest lot of close-up murders ever assembled on any stage. Machine guns rattle, bodies are thrown from windows, wardens and keepers "get theirs," steel doors clang and prison sirens moan.

It's like an evening edition of the subway tabloids, made up by Theodore Dreiser. Only the pictures move, and the guns bang, and the smoke smells. And so excellently is the melodrama built upon the first act foundation of reality that it is a strong man who can detect where realism ends and pure melodrama begins. To see the whole play is to go to prison, to the death house, and wait for the electric current to grip your shaved legs and cheekbones; to lose hope and reason, to fall deathly ill at your stomach, to commit murder — what have you to lose now?—to turn the revolvers of your guards on everybody in sight, and to die fighting, like a rat in a hole, but fighting and on your feet — not washed, and strapped in an electric chair.

Yes, it's a powerful play. And no one who sees it will ever again have the illusion that there is anything pretty or romantic about justice as practised by the state. Simply an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And the emotion which quick retribution can stir in the human heart is completely absent.

Without that emotion justice appears merely as an ugly necessity. And among plays which aim at realism, that is what *The Last Mile* is: an ugly necessity, if we are to mirror all modern life and society upon the stage. If you don't like that sort of play, don't complain to us. Some people do.

The Plays of the Week

The Last Mile, by John Wexley at the Harris.
Mei Lan-Fang, The Chinese actor with his own company at the National.
Simple Simon—Book by Guy Bolton and Ed Wynn, Music and Lyrics by Rodgers and Hart at the Ziegfeld.

WE IMAGINE, however, that this last classification wouldn't include Mei Fan-Lang and his Pekin actors. For there isn't a doorclang in a carload of Mei's dramas, some of which he writes himself. Instead, here is art for art's sake refined to the last and most delicate degree.

Here are Chinese pictures come to life, but a life that is either like a faint perfume of reality, or a puppet show played by Oriental Tony Sarg lifesize puppets. No appeal to the senses, no stirring of the emotions; but instead an appeal to the artistic perceptions, a fine sensitive shading of accepted conventional gestures meant to evoke life in the imagination rather than to imitate actual life itself. There are no Ziegfeld *houris* in a Chinese seduction scene. Instead, an unveiled hand from voluminous sleeves gently waved before masculine eyes suffices to convey the idea.

The difficulty is, of course, that without explanation few Americans know what a play is about or whether it is being well or poorly acted. And a play explained, is a play ruined. Having seen Chinese plays before, we ourself are prepared to state that there is a world of difference between seeing Mei Lan-Fang and others. But where there is so much ignorance artistic criticism is a poor joke. Even to begin to consider Mei's performance it is necessary to remember that he is not a female impersonator but is an artist bent upon suggesting feminine emotion and action —and that rules out all the critics we know. Occidental critics have no basis for the comparisons necessary. We even doubt if many actors have.

One thing we can say with confidence. Mei has the only Chinese orchestra which we have ever been able to stand for a whole evening. And he sings on the key—Chinese key. But he's on it.

If we ever go to China, we'll go see him once a week. Perhaps in a year or two we might get the subtle combination of pantomime, dialogue and emotional singing, all accompanied by orchestra, which opens the Chinese dramatic Pandora's Box.

MEANWHILE, thank Heaven for Ed Wynn and his mouse-trap inventions, his drug-store jobs and his dreams in Fairyland, and his adventures with Bluebeard and King Cole and Cinderella. And in particular for his alarming and amazing mishaps in the beautiful woods where appear the Giant Head and the contortionist Frog and the other companions of the frightening forest. But, "I love the woods," asserts Simple Simon. "I love the woods."

Simple Simon is an absurd extravaganza, of course. Touched with a slight attempt at satire on our Drys and our Wets, it soon subsides into a laugh show, with rippling, pretty music, infinite beauty of colour and scene, and the most arresting ballet picture we have seen.

We cannot imagine what they would think of him in Pekin.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
***Death Takes a Holiday:** A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
The Boundary Line: Emotional conflict among suburbanites—good characterization.
***Dishonored Lady:** Melodrama of the deepest dye—with Katherine Cornell.
Many a Slip: True, touching, and immensely entertaining comedy about marriage.
Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
The Infinite Shoeblack: Indigestible Scotch emotion at home and abroad—with Helen Menken.
Those We Love: Honest portrayal of domestic infelicity—good acting saves an old theme.
***The Green Pastures:** The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
The Apple Cart: Burlesque and brains. Shaw's arid, penetrating political extravaganza.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"China Express"

AGAIN the Soviets have sent us a passionate and vitriolic preachment against capitalism and militarism which, in spite of its violent bias, is pretty swell melodrama.

In breathlessly rapid and exciting silent photography *China Express* tells of the revolt of a band of coolies in the third class compartments of an express train racing between Nanking and Soochow in China, just before that country saw the light and took up Soviet doctrines. In the first class compartments are a native general and his staff and two foreign capitalists, an American and a German, obviously merely symbolic figures. During the night the coolies seize the train and murder most of the first class passengers, the fight going on in the corridors, on the roof, and through the windows. The excitement is increased by the fact that during the fight the engineer is killed and the train goes completely wild, finally racing over the landscape at a whirlwind pace. It is a fantastic spectacle, I promise you. Even the makers of the film don't know what happens—they leave the train whirling into the distance at the end. All they care about is that the revolt is a success. The dirty capitalists are all killed and a great deal of chinaware is smashed.

In justice to the coolies, it should be explained that their revolt comes only after a series of bitter provocations. For one thing the train carries as freight a consignment of children sold by poor peasants to the textile mills. The engineer finds his little sister among the lot, and later she is attacked by a drunken white overseer. When a coolie kills the white man in her defense, the fight is on.

But on the other hand, it seems that Russians are never happier than when bashing in the head of an American or "capitalist." Heretofore I have always been rather in favor of the Russian experiment, but I am just enough of a cowardly bourgeois to want to go on living. If the Soviets really feel this way about "capitalists," perhaps we had better be a little careful after all.

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa"

Herbert Brenon's production of Arnold Zweig's novel is the first of the "realistic" Hollywood war films promised for the next few months. Frequently it is effective, even tragic, and certainly it is the best piece of acting Chester Morris has ever done. It is honestly and simply told and has none of the rousing, musical-comedy enthusiasm so characteristic of sun-kist California.

But if *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* boasts of a certain degree of realism, it is still not the realism an European director would have given us. Even after months in a deserted hut with Chester Morris, Betty Compson's make-up is still perfect, her hair is flawlessly combed and her satin dress is spotless. I am very much afraid Hollywood will never get over shaving its actors and washing them behind the ears in the big important love scenes.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa tells of a Russian, held prisoner in a German camp, who escapes only to be recaptured again in a lonely outpost near the border, and shot down in cold blood after some weeks in prison. During these weeks he has gained the affection and interest of his captors, who repeatedly petition the High Command for permission to release him, but without success. When the final order for his execution arrives the officer in charge can find no men to execute the hated command, and has to get some passing troops to carry out the death sentence.

For some reason the film is not entirely credible. You do not see how so many Germans could get excited about the death sentence passed on one Russian soldier. Alec B. Francis as the sympathetic old general is too sentimental, too soft hearted and too humane ever to have become a Prussian general.

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo speaks at last, with a deep, deep voice in O'Neill's play.

Disraeli: The movie people are stumped by George Arliss' success—he has no sex appeal and never bawls for his "mammy".

The Green Goddess: Again Mr. Arliss, now in a Rajah getup.

A Lady to Love (They Knew What They Wanted): Vilma Banky is an unusually capable actress, now that she talks.

Men Without Women: Final moments in a sinking submarine.

Roadhouse Nights: Exciting doings with bootleggers, newspaper reporters, and Helen Morgan.

The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett uses his grand opera voice resoundingly in a slight story.

Seven Days Leave: Barrie's Cockney scrublady who longs for a son at the front . . . who turns out to be Gary Cooper.

Street of Chance: William Powell as a big time gambler furnishes plenty of excitement.

The Vagabond King: The stage operetta, well sung by Dennis King.

Not So Good

Song of the West: John Boles and Vivian Segal singing in an all-color film of gold rush days which is somehow pretty stupid.

"Only the Brave"

Here you have the handsome Gary Cooper all dressed up as a U. S. Army captain during the Civil War, and Mary Brian as a lovely southern coquette in the billowing dresses of the period. Mr. Cooper is sent through the lines as a spy in a Confederate uniform with fake plans sewed in his coat. According to orders he again and again tries to get himself captured when Mary Brian, who has fallen for his profile and sideburns, rescues him. *Only the Brave* was nicely directed by Frank Tuttle, and turns out to be very pleasant entertainment indeed. The old southern atmosphere, which is so frequently overdone in the movies, has been attained with ease and grace.

"Such Men Are Dangerous"

Madame Elinor Glyn, heretofore high priestess of sex to American womanhood, and a perfectly tremendous help to we girls who are looking for guidance on our "problems," has been at the newspaper files. *Such Men Are Dangerous* is fiction based on the mysterious disappearance of Alfred Loewenstein, the European banker, who, two years ago, vanished into thin air as his plane was passing over the English Channel. In the film you actually see Warner Baxter as a great banker open the door and jump into the sea—but one thing Herr Loewenstein never knew was the yarn which Mme. Glyn would make up about him. It is the old story of the bride who longs for hot kisses and the billionaire bridegroom who gives her nothing but diamonds as big as musk melons and a check book with a $5,000,000 balance. The poor girl is so unhappy that she runs away, whereupon the big financier goes up in his plane, drops in the Channel with a parachute, and has his face completely remodeled by a plastic surgeon. Nobody recognizes him and this time he makes more successful love to his wife and all is well. Catherine Dale Owen is much too lovely and much too good an actress to be mixed up with this sort of nonsense. Speaking of such things, the dialogue for this film was written by Ernest Vajda, who used to be one of our better playwrights.

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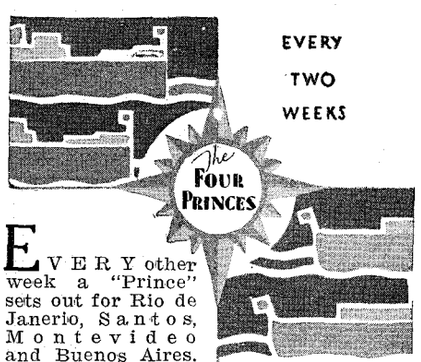
SOUTH AMERICA



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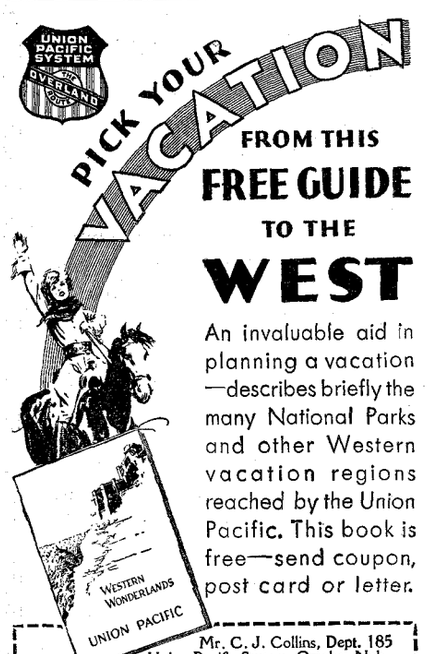
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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Four Years Old

OCCASIONALLY during the long four years of his life he had seen big people stop suddenly and for a moment there would be that stillness that makes so great a noise in the ear-drums. He would have to swallow the feeling in his throat before he could ask, "What's the matter?" "Hush!" they would say from way up high where everything always appeared to be going on. And he would have to shout more loudly than ever before their faces would come down to him, and answer carelessly, "I thought I smelled smoke."

Sometimes they would not answer him at all, but in that dreadful, still excitement would begin to run. He would follow stumbling because his legs were fatter than theirs, and short. He would never forget the first time the terror had passed in front of him and out of sight—ringing a great bell and screaming into the distance.

He had asked "What was it?" over and over again, until at last some one had said, exasperated, "Fire-engine! What's it for? To put out fires." So now he knew—a fire-engine was the most terrifying, the most powerful and the bravest creature in the world.

For as many years as he could remember he himself had been the smallest and most unimportant creature in the world. Lately, it had been borne in on him slowly that the little boy and girl who lived across the way suffered the same disadvantages. Such as having to look through things (like fences or people's legs) instead of over them. Such as having to make a spectacle of one's self in order to be noticed at all—and being expected always to tell the truth, at the same time that one was never believed under any circumstances.

It was natural, then, that he should hear their screams one morning long before they could hope to arouse the attention of a big person. Besides, it was at an hour when big people have usually sauntered off somewhere down the street, leaving children in charge of their houses. At the suddenness of that screaming he staggered, and started to run. He reached the other side of the street without once falling down, and toiled as fast as he could go up the steps of his friends' house. The door-knob was on a level with his head. With a great effort he reached and turned it. Gathering all his strength he pushed. Nothing happened.

"What's the matter?" he shouted as loudly as he could. But the house appeared to be empty. He was not fooled by it. It was the kind of emptiness that watches you with cold eyes. His skin shivered suddenly. His heart clutched at his throat. *He smelled smoke.*

His legs had never seemed so short and heavy to him before. Faster—faster he pushed them down the steps in front of him, down the street—around the corner, faster, faster. A long block—and another—and another. He knew where the fire-engine lived. Before he reached the great door he began to call, "Fire!"—and then swallowed because his mouth was dry, and he was expected to speak the truth. "Smoke!" he called more loudly, "Smoke!" and staggered into the fire-engine house.

The great creature was standing just behind the open door-way. The big men who stood about never even questioned him. At that word "Smoke!" they were swarming over the huge engine—the biggest one of all stooped, caught him under the shoulders and lifted him to the driver's seat.

Clang! Clang! went the bells as the creature rolled out—enormous, shrieking. "That way," he pointed from the driver's seat. "Down here—and turn—and over there." So high he sat that the people running in the streets looked small. The house looked small as he pointed it out.

With no one to lift him down, he sat and watched while the firemen swarmed to the ground; while they dashed against that locked door and let out the rolling smoke; while they carried out in their arms two little creatures that looked like dolls, and laid them down and leaned above them.

He struggled then to clamber down unaided from his high seat. Some one held out strong arms to him and once more he was small and unimportant on the ground. But the big people were all around him—stooping, and paying him a great deal of attention. " . . . saved their lives!" he heard, and, "Did you ever hear of such a kid?"

His heart was going to burst inside his throat unless he could speak. Would they listen to him? Were they looking at him? There was a sudden silence; and no need to shout.

"I rode the fire-engine," he said quietly.

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Our National Anthem

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

JUST NOW, in Washington, a new lobby is going into action. This time, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, together with several other organizations, are making strenuous efforts to persuade Congress to set the seal of its adoption on the "Star Spangled Banner" as our National Anthem. An enactment of this kind, committing the nation so definitely on this question, would, it seems to me, be indefensible; being fruitful of future regrets, and having but few valid arguments in its favor. Yet the subject is well worth a brief discussion.

It is necessary, at the outset, to understand what the qualities are which go to make up a great national anthem, of which the "Marseillaise" and "Life for the Tsar" are conspicuous examples. The text must have two basic virtues:—sufficient poetic merit and the power of rousing patriotic fervor. Having these, it must meet the supreme test,—that of being readily and unconsciously absorbed into the memory of the man in the street. What French boy ever has to be taught the words of the "Marseillaise" in school? The music must be dignified, striking in melody, simple in harmony, vigorous in rhythm, and, above all, easily singable.

Let us now try to examine impartially, by these standards, the present incumbent, occupying the high office of America's National Anthem. Francis Scott Key's poem owes its vogue mainly to the fact that the dramatic *mise en scène* of its birth appeals, not unnaturally, to our popular imagination. Seen from any other viewpoint, it is difficult to avoid rating it as mediocre. Though having several excellent lines scattered through its text, it has also some less happy features. "Oh, say!" jars on even the most rudimentary taste. The real failure of the poem, however, lies in its lack of that intangible quality which irresistibly impresses a fine poem on the memory of even the casual reader. All great short poems have this quality. But I do not believe that one American citizen in ten can repeat the whole of the "Star Spangled Banner." A few know the first verse; the remaining stanzas, though often memorized under duress in childhood, have been speedily forgotten. Compare this with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose striking poetic inspiration makes memorizing a simple matter. This would be an ideal text, were it not for the peculiar tripping meter, cramping the possibilities of an adequate musical setting;—some day, nevertheless, this problem may be solved, and we shall then have something of which to be proud. "America" has a good first stanza, but, owing to its borrowed tune, it need not be considered here.

The music of the "Star Spangled Banner" is an adaptation of a fine old British tune, whose original text, "To Anacreon in Heaven," expresses an alcoholic ecstasy most uncongenial to our best prohibition minds. This tune is unsingable to an extraordinary degree. Portions of it lie for a very high voice and others for an equally low one. Its total range, of an octave and a fifth, is so great as to preclude an adequate rendition save by an exceptional voice. An experienced composer, writing a song in the hope that it may be used by professional singers, will exceed the compass of an octave and a third only with many misgivings and for very strong reasons. How much the more, then, should a song written for a whole people remain strictly within such limits! Else the rôle of the Average Citizen will be confined to whistling.

The talk of adapting the present melody may be dismissed as utter piffle. Transposition is futile,—it would not alter the range. The other suggested expedient, the surgical one of amputating high or low notes, would produce a result somewhat analogous to a headless or legless man, since any balanced melody, if its natural line be tampered with, must inevitably lose its character and flavor.

To sum up, either the "Star Spangled Banner" is satisfactory, or it is not. If it be satisfactory, then no Congressional endorsement is needed. If it be unsatisfactory, such an endorsement becomes both unwise and short-sighted, tending to hamstring any further endeavors.

This great anxiety, moreover, to perpetuate the "Star Spangled Banner" is in reality an expression, conscious or not, of a profound disbelief in the ability of any future American poet or composer to create something better.

I do not share that disbelief. My conviction is firm that in the days to come the American people, perhaps in an hour of great crisis or danger, will produce the poet and the composer who will give us a purely American National Anthem commensurate, in inspiration, dignity and artistic worth with our stature as a nation.

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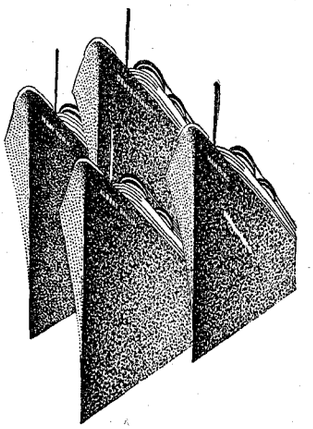

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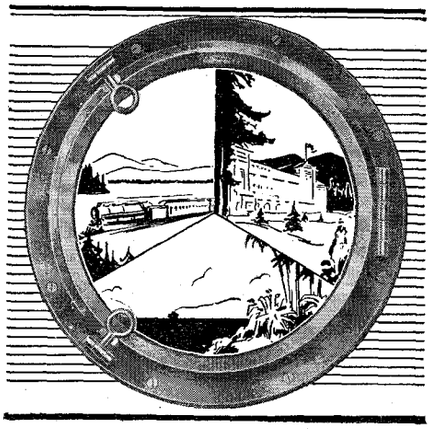
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A FIRM in Philadelphia which specializes in genealogical books has sent us a post card asking us if we would not care to subscribe for a copy, beautifully gotten up, of the *Brooks Family Records,* complete with coat of arms. As an additional inducement, they offer "one copy of *Battle Hymn of Brooks* (reciting the history, traits, ideals, etc., of the Brooks Family in rhyme—8 long stanzas)," printed on a large card suitable for framing. It was, we may say, the Battle Hymn that almost got us. We don't take part in a great many battles, it is true, but we'd probably enter more if we had a set form of words that we could roar out in stentorian tones when leaping into the fray. It's awfully hard to think of anything to say in a battle, and it's so easy to say the wrong thing. But we didn't subscribe to the book. We would have, had we been sure that the Hymn was something simple, like *The Campbells Are Coming,* for instance. It was easy for the Campbells, just a lot of repetition, and they could give their whole mind to the fighting. If we could just shout "The Brookses are comin', hurrah, hurrah!" over and over, it would be quite simple. But as we have never been able to learn the words of the *Star Spangled Banner,* we decided not to take a chance. *The Battle Hymn of Brooks* may have a lot of long words in it, and we'd be sure to mispronounce some of them in the heat of battle and let ourself in for a lot of criticism. We shall continue to confine ourself to hoarse, inarticulate yells, or, what is perhaps even simpler, to avoiding battles entirely.

ONE OF LE CORBUSIER'S designs for a modern house, all square blocks and sharp angles, has inspired a designer of gents' socks, with a result which, stretched over a male ankle, looks to us rather like a map of Manhattan. This is one of a series of hosiery patterns, each of which, says the mfgr., has a history behind it. Our own taste has always been rather for the baroque in socks, and we have rather an interesting collection, some of which are really museum pieces. Those we have been wearing for the past few years are of course Early American, as we like to follow prevailing fashions as closely as possible. But we suppose now we'll have to go modern. Some of the new socks, showing the application of modernism, will no doubt soon be shown in the various galleries which exhibit the work in various fields of modernistic artists and designers.

FOR SMOKERS there's a gadget that attaches to the dashboard, holds a pack of cigarettes, and at the touch of a lever, delivers one to you already lighted. Also for smokers, there's a little bird, and you pull its head off and it's a lighter. Isn't that cute?

USEFUL FOR finding keyholes or following the libretto at the opera or consulting your program in the middle of the second act to see whether a year is supposed to have elapsed, is the pen-light—a pocket flashlight just the size and shape of a fountain pen, which attaches to the pocket with a clip, and comes in green, ivory and nickel. It's an Eveready, and is substantially made.

THE JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP is a little piece of flat metal about an inch long. One end can be pushed in between baseboard or door trim and plaster wall; the other end is curved to have a little space under it, and through this space runs the lamp or radio wire that you want to keep neatly off the floor. They come in several different colors to match the wall. We saw these at Mr. Woolworth's.

A NEW CARPET that has a permanently resilient woven pile and makes its own selvage wherever cut, is on the market. It can be joined with no visible seams, even when cut on the bias, and wear only smooths down the seam and improves it. Excellent, therefore, for circular stairways, and also easy to repair, since it can be cut and repieced without damage, and needs no bindings nor reinforcements. The backing is waterproof, so it can be scrubbed while on the floor, and it will lie flat without slipping. It comes in 54-inch widths, and can be sewn up into rugs of any size.

THE HOOVER VACUUM sweeper now has a new dust bag of pulp felt which is excellent for very fine dust, and can be emptied and re-used many times. Another cleaning item is a small carpet sweeper, called, we believe, the Polly Prim, which weighs less than a pound and has a handle one yard high. It is very good for rugs, linoleum and hardwood floors.

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Haiti After 1936

(Continued from Page 446)

tion of a legislative body will seriously complicate the orderly procedure of any program which may be adopted. Many people believe that to go through the mummery of a so-called election would be a grotesque farce, and that obstructive tactics of a legislature so elected would prevent any constructive accomplishments. But all agree that unless a constitutionally elected legislative body is functioning when we leave Haiti, the whole structure of the government will fall to pieces on our departure.

From the Hoover Commission an intelligent and conscientious report may be expected, and possible effective policies and programs. But surveys and plans, important and valuable as they are, are only a beginning and an adequate discharge of our obligations under the Haitian-American Treaty will depend on the wisdom, patience and diplomacy of the man finally selected to administer the accepted program.

Mei Lan-Fang at Home

(Continued from Page 459)

Mei Lan-Fang was on the stage. Though there was no announcer to come before the curtain and explain the plot and conventions, we were easily able to follow the general drift of the story because of the excellent acting.

New York, which is quite blasé about its drama, is now experiencing a fresh pleasure in an art which is so old that it had crystallized into its rigid conventions long before America was discovered, before the Dark Ages in Europe. We are handicapped in understanding the Chinese drama in our ignorance of the life and the art of which it is a reflection. True appreciation of this subtle art would require a lifetime of study and long years in China. But since that is impossible for most Americans, one may glimpse something of the gorgeous pageantry of the East in one evening spent with Mei Lan-Fang.

Our Moral Young People

(Continued from Page 449)

had written to tell me that her doctor had prescribed sun baths for her two babies (aged one and a half and three) but that her neighbors objected when she let the children play naked in the back yard. I felt that she was justified and said as much in my answer to her letter. I added, for the benefit of those neighbors to whom she would undoubtedly show my letter, that any one

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

MUSSOLINI'S POLICY of advocating an increase of Italy's population may easily result in serious international conflict. In the past overpopulation has inevitably resulted in war. In the leading article of the next issue, "Birth Control or War?" Henry Kittredge Norton considers the only alternative. Although birth control may be regarded by some institutions as immoral, Mr. Norton suggests that it may be more moral than war. Mr. Norton contributes frequently to the Outlook and Independent and is well known as an author and lecturer on foreign affairs.

THE INHABITANTS of big cities, particularly of New York, are of course wet, wicked and un-American. So runs the familiar prohibitionist contention. The small town and the country are dry. We wonder. Bruce Crawford objects. A resident of Norton, Virginia, and editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, Mr. Crawford is qualified to speak. His article, "Citadel of Enforcement," is a report on the state of law enforcement in a town of about four thousand inhabitants.

THE LITERARY TEA, originally a gathering of friends and artists in a Greenwich Village flat to honor the publication of an author's book, has developed into an elaborate function to promote sales. In "The Literary Racket" Kay Kennedy, a newspaper woman and resident of New York, intimates that these entertainments are purely publicity stunts and that the name tea is a distinct misnomer.

THE ENTRANCE of the Federal Farm Board into the wheat market as a buyer of futures may have revolutionary effects. Such at least is the opinion of William O. Scroggs, an economist on the staff of the New York *World* and a regular contributor to the Outlook and Independent. His article, "Uncle Sam, Grain Trader," discusses the action of the Grain Stabilization Corporation in purchasing wheat from the co-operatives at a price considerably higher than that obtainable in the open market.

who thought it disgusting automatically branded himself as dirty minded.

"My blood boiled with disgust when you advised 'Mother of Two' it was perfectly all right for her to let her children play in her back yard with no clothes on regardless of what her neighbors thought, and only evil minded people would think different as it has before when you told girls there is no evil in smoking," wrote a young matron from the mid-West after the first letter and my answer had appeared in print. Her letter went on:

"For shame! Your advice is a disgrace.

"With the sweet sun suits made today or with the health girdles used in camps there is no need for any child to play in the suit God gave him. Or, frankly speaking, strictly naked. Even Eve after eating of the fruit of knolage had pride enough to wear a fig leaf and there was only Adam to see—no neighbors."

BUT I MUST not give the impression that my readers never write except to criticize me. On less "radical" subjects I receive the friendliest letters imaginable. The majority of my letters begin with some such sentence as "You have helped so many others with their problems by your wonderful advice, perhaps you can help me," and evince a touching faith in my ability to straighten out the most complicated tangles.

This "wonderful advice" is usually nothing more than "If your mother won't allow you to go out on school nights because your marks have been below average, why don't you make an effort to improve your work?" Or "Since you love the girl, I see no reason why you shouldn't tell her. Perhaps her 'coldness' is only diffidence and she would welcome your avowal of affection."

Such answers may offend in the direction of triteness, but certainly they are in keeping with the tenor of the questions. Parenthetically I might say that I do not reply with my tongue in my cheek but that I do give as complete and honest answers as I am capable of. However, I could not pound a sensational typewriter even if I wished to—as long as my job consists of dealing sincerely with the letters that reach my desk. It is difficult to work up a glowing enthusiasm over anything as stale as the ideas that daily confront me.

For, apparently, our young men and young women will not think for themselves. Out-worn sentimentality, second-hand ideas—in these they delight and there is pathos as well as humor in the thought of their having been branded as headstrong and wild when one sees how they shy off from any suggestion of rebellion, of novelty, of change.

On the whole they are intolerant and lacking in any true wisdom or understanding and, what is more discouraging, they are smug in their intolerance. In spite of pronouncements from the pulpit, their ultimate destination is not a particularly lurid hell—unless one chooses to apply such a description to a home in the suburbs with an electric washing machine, a radio and a car which is almost paid for.

These embryonic citizens are ambitious to have a more expensive car, a home which has more modern conveniences and a radio which can get more stations than those of their neighbors. They go to college when they can—not to further their education or sharpen their perceptions—but to get a certain enviable standing in their community and to make acquaintances which will be valuable to them. A girl may work in an office but usually she regards her position only as a stop-gap until she finds a man who can support her as her friends are being supported.

It would be as stupid as it would be high-handed for me to assert that such things are true of every member of the younger generation. Undoubtedly there are young people here and there who are modern in the best sense of the word; who fight for and treasure their freedom from tradition; who desire self-expression, self-reliance, and honesty more than the esteem or envy of their neighbors; who are indifferent to the small conventions; and who realize that they never can be truly free unless they respect the rights of their fellows.

But, after having been the confidante of boys and girls from every part of the country for many months, I am convinced that this is not the general trend of youth. Doubtless conscientious, but nevertheless uninteresting, this generation doesn't intend to start anything.

Good Resolutions

(Continued from Page 463)

how I was to judge what she had done. "Damned if I know," she said; "I had a sudden impulse; I've been feeling for several weeks you didn't love me any more, and came here only to use me. I suddenly flew on my high horse about it." "I'm glad you did," I said; "It made me fall in love with you all over again. Now we can make a new start. Let's take the plunge. You'll be willing to live in a cheaper place than this, won't you?"

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"No, Don Quixote," she said; "It's too late. I've lost my nerve. And I've made up my mind for the last time, too, about all this business. I don't give a damn what's ahead of me. I don't give a damn about loving or being loved. I don't give a damn whether I live or die."

One evening early in December when I called on her I saw the bed covered with a complete outfit of clothes—an overcoat, a serge suit, shirts and ties, underwear, socks, and even a hat and a pair of shoes. Helen stood at the foot of the bed smiling. I had been feeling the cold for days, besides having been sharply conscious of my increasing shabbiness, and for several moments I was tempted to accept the things. "You can exchange anything you don't like or that doesn't fit," she said. "I have all the bills." I said: "You can take those things back, or find somebody else to take them. I've told you enough times I'll buy my own clothes, or steal them. The next time you see me you'll know I meant what I said." And I took my hat and went downstairs and out.

I gained little satisfaction from leaving her as I did, for I soon realized I had been wrong; she had simply felt that I needed clothes badly and wanted me to have them. But I decided that whatever her motives had been in getting them, my acceptance of them would have made me feel at least that I had taken a step in the wrong direction. I decided also not to see her again until my problem of clothes was settled. I wanted a change too, from seeing her every night; the experience had been getting dull and monotonous and probably would become more so.

B. hadn't been on the job for a couple of weeks; I didn't know why; he had said nothing about quitting the last time I'd seen him, and the papers hadn't reported his arrest. I had thought of asking him if he had an old overcoat. I hadn't spoken to my father about my needing an overcoat. I had been seeing him rarely and briefly. Each of the few times I had seen him he had mentioned how badly he needed help to pay the doctor's bill for my mother, and asked me to give him every penny I could. I had given him twelve dollars each week, although of late I had been working with so little interest and effort that I seldom made as much as twenty dollars a week.

It became harder and harder to endure the daily ordeal of seeing my mother. "God will take me soon," her pain made her hope repeatedly; then she'd think of her duties as mother and wife and say: "I wish I could stay until ye're all grown up and doing good. Pa needs me yet, but I guess I have to go. God knows best. I guess He'll take care of ye." "Yes," I thought one day after leaving her; "God knows best—like hell. He doesn't know enough to make pain anaesthetic when it isn't doing any good." I came increasingly to want my mother to die.

I found one night that my father had the same feeling. I was in the kitchen, late, drinking some coffe and thinking, when he came in. I saw that he had been drinking. He sat down across the table from me and took a bottle from his pocket and put it on the table. I got glasses and poured two drinks. He touched his glass to mine and toasted, "To that angel upstairs," but instead of drinking he put the glass down and burst out weeping. He regained control of himself and asked me to excuse him because he couldn't help it. I felt he wanted to say something and suggested that he take his drink, thinking it would help him to talk. He drank it and sat thinking, shaking his head every few moments. "Boy," he said at last; "It's a hard thing to say, but I'd rather see that angel dead than to go on suffering day and night the way she does. Don't blame me for saying so. You'll never know as I know the angel she's been."

Every afternoon, on quitting work, I felt pulled toward Helen, but I succeeded in keeping away from her. Instead I went home to supper, and later went over to the church hall and took up pool playing again. Several nights I went with a fellow from the church club to visit two

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in our Issue of March 29, 1950

Agatha Tosch-Winkins, M. P. for Pocketborough, opposed in a three-hour speech in the House of Commons the bill to close the Naval Conference not later than April 1, 1951.

"Adjacent buildings cut off our light," Chrysler Tower tenants testified at the bankruptcy hearings of the Downtown Renting Corporation.

President Rosen, of Harvard, deploring the over-emphasis on football, quoted the Outlook's estimate that 197 million Americans last Saturday televised the Yale-Stanford game.

An average price of $9.75 a copy for the 100 autographed first editions of plays by Anne Nichols, Bernard Shaw, Clyde Fitch, Dion Boucicault and others was realized last week at public auction for the benefit of the Shakespeare Memorial Park Association of Washington, D. C.

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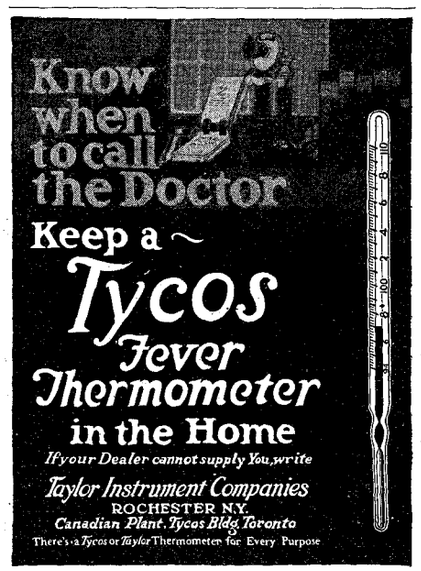
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telephone operators, friends of his, at their home. Each time we drank beer, talked much of telephone operating experiences, and occasionally hinted at the existence of sex. My effort to make enough extra money to buy an overcoat met disappointment. Christmas was near and people seemed to be saving their money to buy presents, or had already spent it.

One night at the telephone operator's home a third girl was present, also a telephone operator. She had a mass of auburn hair, and brown eyes, and a white-and-red complexion. She drank and was gay and genial, saying little, but what she did say showed more in her mind than surface remembrances chasing each other around. I tried to make everything I said count in impressing her. When she went home I offered to take her and she said she'd be glad. On the way she asked why I wasn't wearing my overcoat on such a cold night. I said I felt the cold very little and seldom wore an overcoat, not liking the weight of it on me or the nuisance of carrying it. She said she was an outdoor person, too. We made a date to meet again and I went home and tried to think how I could get dressed up for it. I decided to look up B. at his home and see if he could help me.

In the morning B's mother said he had been down South for a month, that he had a job traveling. By the middle of the afternoon I had made only one dollar working. I decided I was a fool to hesitate about stealing a coat when I could do it easily without being arrested. I quit work, and went downtown to a store and stole two coats. I kept the best-looking one to wear, and pawned the other.

The date cost all of the ten dollars I had got for the coat, but we had a good time. We made another date for Saturday, three days later. The next afternoon I quit work again at four o'clock and went downtown. I decided to make a good haul. When the department store closed, I waited for the fur department to be darkened. Then I packed eight women's fur coats in four hat-boxes that I took from a pile standing alongside a stairway leading to the floor above. When I had packed the four with two coats each, I tied them up in pairs, and replaced them on the pile. In the morning, a few minutes after the store opened, I found them apparently undisturbed. No one was in a position to see me take them. I picked up two and carried them up to the next floor, putting them down in front of a row of elevators near the head of the stairway, and then returned and got the other two. While I was waiting for an elevator a store porter came along, sweeping with a pushbroom. He seemed to have become curious about the boxes. I pretended indifference. I saw the elevator descending. "Down, please," I called, and then turned to the porter and asked him to help me with the boxes. He leaned his broom against a pillar, picked up two of the boxes, and carried them into the elevator. Before he could put them down I asked him if he couldn't help me to the street with them, saying it would take only a minute. "Sure," he said; and the elevator started down. I told him to go out the main entrance when we reached the street floor, and let him go ahead of me, taking advantage of the fact that he wore a uniform which showed that he worked in the store. When we reached the street curb and he had put his two boxes down beside mine, I thanked him and gave him a quarter.

I got a taxi and went to a theatrical hotel where I knew the proprietor, who had bought stuff from me the year before, reselling it to members of burlesque troupes. He offered $500 for the eight coats, but I held out for $600, knowing he'd get at least $100 apiece for them. He paid the $600, and told me to be sure to bring him any more stuff I got. I went to a saloon and drank several whiskies to ease the tension of my nerves. While drinking I couldn't help smiling at how clever I had been in quieting the porter's suspicion. "A regular stroke of genius," I told myself. "If they won't pay for my genius one way I'll make them pay another." A moment later I thought: "A hell of a fine genius."

I couldn't think what to do next. I decided not to see Helen; she might slam the door in my face. I decided to buy some clothes, to be ready for Saturday night. I went back to the store where I had taken the fur coats, and outfitted myself, getting two suits, shoes, a hat, shirts, underwear, socks and ties; to which I added two pairs of chamois gloves. Then with my bundles I took a taxi to a place where I knew I could rent a nice furnished room reasonably. I'd leave my new clothes there. I decided to appear at home only in the suit I had been wearing. I'd pretend, too, that I was still working, and I'd give my father fifteen dollars a week. I'd tell the office that I was feeling sick and show up on the job once or twice a week until my parole was up, at the end of January, seven weeks later.

I had a fairly good time Saturday night. We each had a cocktail before dinner and then I ordered a quart of champagne. Frances said she had never had any. She found it delightful. When we had finished it I wanted to order another quart but she protested that it cost too much money. She insisted she wouldn't drink any of it if I got it, so I persuaded her to compromise on a pint. What she had of the pint made her feel a little tipsy, she said. I said that that didn't matter if she was happy, and that dancing would soon sober her. The waiter came and I ordered benedictine. She asked what it was, and I told her it was a lovely tasting liqueur that came in very small glasses, too small to be intoxicating. When it came she liked it. I told the waiter, out of Frances' hearing, to repeat our benedictines, whenever he saw our glasses empty.

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We kept on drinking the benedictines, and dancing, but after a couple of hours I had to take her home. I made up my mind to go and see Helen.

I didn't find her in, so I went to a cabaret. After an hour I called Helen again and she answered. "Well," was all she said when I told her it was I and that I wanted to see her. She didn't feel that I cared much about seeing her after staying away so long. I protested that I had cared all the time, but had been silly about her buying the clothes for me. I told her I'd come right around. We smoothed everything out.

Helen, Frances, and pool, consumed most of my time in the next few weeks. My money steadily decreased, but that didn't worry me; I could get more when I needed it. A few hours, a day a week, was all the work I tried to do. I reported to the probation officer, dressed in my old suit, early in January, saying I was on the same job but trying to find a better one. He said to keep trying and I'd find something eventually; that he'd let me know if he should turn something up.

Less than two weeks later, when my money was reduced to thirty-five dollars, I tried again to steal, but was arrested in the act, after making several blunders that I might easily have avoided.

(To Be Continued)

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With Our Readers

Airplane Crashes

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Los Angeles*

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of February 5th, under the heading of "Airplane Accidents," you raise the question: "Why do the newspapers play up the death of ten persons in a crash between a mail train and a school bus?" You find several possible answers, and immediately discredit some of the answers. But you fail to discover—or, at least, you do not state—what is probably the strongest reason. May I give it?

. . . Well, then, it seems likely, since "The trolley, the train, the automobile . . . seem indispensable to the average American, who therefore stoically accepts their hazards, as he accepts the hazards of cooking gas," that this average American has come to regard this hazard as a norm, and the risk of accident a fair price to pay for his convenience or his pleasure.

But now comes the airplane. An accident takes sixteen lives. The editors spread it. Why? Because the hazard of airplane travel is proved to be much greater than the hazards he and his readers have established as normal. The editor does not give us, always, tables to prove that airplane travel is many times more dangerous than other and older means of travel when figured on the basis of passenger-mile or passenger-hour. He does not need to; our natural sense of proportion tells us this.

And there may be still another related reason for playing up airplane accidents. We are constantly lied to regarding the safety of air travel. We are told that air travel is safe! Some who have told us this will never tell it to us again, for they died proving (?) it! Of course bus-drivers, and motorists, and trainmen have also died, but our natural sense of proportion tells us that their percentage of fatality is almost infinitely smaller, though the actual number may be greater. Yes, we have an intuitive respect for the law of diminishing returns when it comes to travel by train or by plane, even though we may never have heard a formal statement of the law.

And, incidentally, there were two pilots on that plane, to guard against just such accidents. Did that school bus have two drivers to watch the road, so one might run ahead at grade crossings? Would the accident have happened at all if there had been two? Perhaps—but very unlikely. And, yet—the plane had two pilots!

W. F. WILLIS

"Over to the Curb"

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Council Bluffs*

DEAR SIR:

In the Outlook and Independent for February 12th, 1930, is an article entitled "Is Motoring a Crime?" by Darwin L. Teilhet. Mr. Teilhet brings into sharp silhouette the need of special training for traffic officers. As he suggests, the duties of traffic officers are, for the most part, outside the scope of criminal investigation and crime detection.

I trust that some of the authorities (at least those who are in the habit of an occasional encounter with serious reading) will see Mr. Teilhet's article and will take to heart some of the writer's findings. The writer seems to have that rare art of "telling the truth."

PROCTOR R. PERKINS

Education in Tennessee

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Chattanooga*

DEAR SIR:

I recall, as I read Mr. Edgar W. Knight's "Education in the South" in a January issue of your magazine, that a philosopher has said, "There are liars, d--d liars and statisticians."

. . . Let us test his assertions by facts that we know. Tennessee is an average southern state. It has public schools in session for nine months each year in each of its counties. Our own county of Hamilton, with a population approximating 115,000 by the latest census, was supporting ten high schools, five "prep" schools, a university and a college, beside well over a hundred grammar schools, when that census was taken. A large part of our county is sparsely settled mountain land; yet every mountain boy has access to a modern public school. If he lives as much as two miles from it he is carried to it in a comfortable school truck.

Conditions in the rest of the state compare measurably with those in Hamilton County. Mr. Knight complains of the lack of facilities for the training of teachers in our southern states. Tennessee maintains three very high class normal schools and a university for those who would learn to teach; and Peabody and Fiske, located at Nashville, are available to those who do not care for the state maintained schools.

He complains of lack of library facilities. There are public libraries scattered all over Tennessee. Our own public library showed 110,761 books as owned by it last year, at the service of our 115,000 people. 35,725 individual holders of library cards read 592,608 books supplied by this library last year; and they did not have to come to the main library to get them, for there are about twenty branch libraries at various community centers. That is not a condition peculiar to Hamilton County; nor does it indicate either a lack of library facilities nor indifference to their use.

I would remind Mr. Knight that one of our birds is called the Cuckoo. He may be a statistician.

E. Y. CHAPIN

Bawdy Bards and Baby Pinchers

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York City*

DEAR SIR:

Praise God for women like Mrs. Ruth Porter (Feb. 19, With Our Readers). Wets like Nicolas Murray Butler, and bawdy souls like the Bard of Avon, the immoral Shakespeare, and men who pinch babies, like the editors of the Outlook, should hire a hall and gas themselves, out of respect for humanity.

Mrs. Porter's brave assumption of the leadership of 60,000,000 American females in this Crusade against the crime and vice of the vacillating and vicious sex deserves commendation. It is a courageous and praiseworthy undertaking.

I am most happy to have this good lady's assurance that 60,000,000 women, baby girls who can't yet talk or think excepted, pray daily that wisdom and guidance be given to Mr. Hoover. Previous to the reading of her article I had begun to think this a moot question. May God and Mrs. Porter's Legion help Mr. Hoover!

To judge from the Editors' note which was attached to Mrs. Porter's letter, we shall no doubt see in the near future a definite change of policy in the Outlook, an admirable but misled magazine. I recommend a page of church notes, and a violent literary campaign against our numerous contemporary evils. The editors might even emulate Carrie Nation, and carry hatchets to destroy speakeasies and put out of misery men who tell nasty jokes.

In conclusion: non dubitum est, Mrs. Porter, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." And may God bless the Boston Watch and Ward. It needs either a blessing or a coffin.

ANDREW L. EDSON

No Joke At All

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Iowa City*

DEAR SIR:

May a member of the so-called weaker sex venture to express some questions that have been puzzling her since the reading of the recent letter from Ruth Porter which indicates very positive knowledge of the attitudes of the women of America?

By what standards does the "better magazines council" determine which are the objectionable periodicals? How may we recognize what is really the "higher type of literature?" What criteria shall we use in judging which of the higher institutions of learning are like Harvard, and hence worthy of our support? What are the principles of the "cause of righteousness" to which you are asked to adhere? What is true *good*, and thus eternal? Is the principle of majority government still supported by the women of America? How can it be foretold so accurately that "prosperity" (does she mean posterity?) "will cherish as a real American Tradition" the cause you have dared to challenge?

Apparently we may yet read your excellent magazine without disloyalty to our sex, but, of course, we must be careful lest the "joke be on us!"

MRS. HAZEL P. PHILLIPS

The Gentleman from Iowa

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

DEAR SIR:

. . . In the first place, the figures you state show that when prohibition was fully enforced as it was during and for a time after the War, it was a very great benefit. Since then the terrific agitation by a great many newspapers and magazines has prompted a lot of foolish people to violate the law and according to these figures increase the evil effects of alcohol. However, this increase has not yet reached pre-prohibition days. In addition to this fact, the comparison with pre-prohibition days is of little value, because there was statewide prohibition in about three-quarters of the states at that time. It therefore means merely a comparison of one prohibition era with another prohibition era and you have no comparison with open saloons in the whole country.

I think the newspapers and magazines are more to blame for present laxness than any other cause and your editorial is one of that character. Your own showing is that it was a great success in the years when it did have a fair chance.

SMITH W. BROOKHART *(Senator, Iowa)*

Booze-Holes and Bung-Holes

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Wilbraham, Mass.*

DEAR SIR:

Oh *no*, the Eighteenth Amendment abides as the Gilbraltar of America's moral ideals that have outlawed the accursed liquor traffic. You "boozers" who howl at the Prohibitory law as the father of iniquity are simply delightfully bone-headed.

The real enemy of all restrictive laws that seek to curb and curtail the lawless and immoral traffic in "booze" is what Father Murphy stigmatized as the "booze-hole" that loves the bung-hole—carried by all anti-prohibitionists underneath their red noses.

Yes, Mr. Editor,—of the once decent Outlook,—just close up those "booze-holes" and the booze-hole fillers, the bootleggers will go out of business.

F. A. LEITCH

P. S. I presume you mix "booze" with your gasoline as you do with your editorials.

Short Criticisms

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Wilmington*

DEAR SIR:

I read with a great deal of interest your editorial on the "Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." You sum up the whole question in six important words, "let us repeal the Eighteenth Amendment." That should be our aim, for only after this is done can reconstruction begin.

PIERRE S. DU PONT

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Pasadena, Calif.*

DEAR SIR:

As a subscriber to the Outlook (not only for myself but for several friends) I am writing to most heartily congratulate you for the stand you have taken on the Prohibition question and for the fine editorial on the subject in the February 12th number.

AMY E. HARRIS

Sour Note

Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Paul*

DEAR SIR:

I consider your publication to be an abortive abomination that deserves nothing better than supression. By all means cease sending it to me.

There was a time when the Outlook stood in high favor but how times and ill advised editors have altered matters. . . .

J. H. WILKINSON

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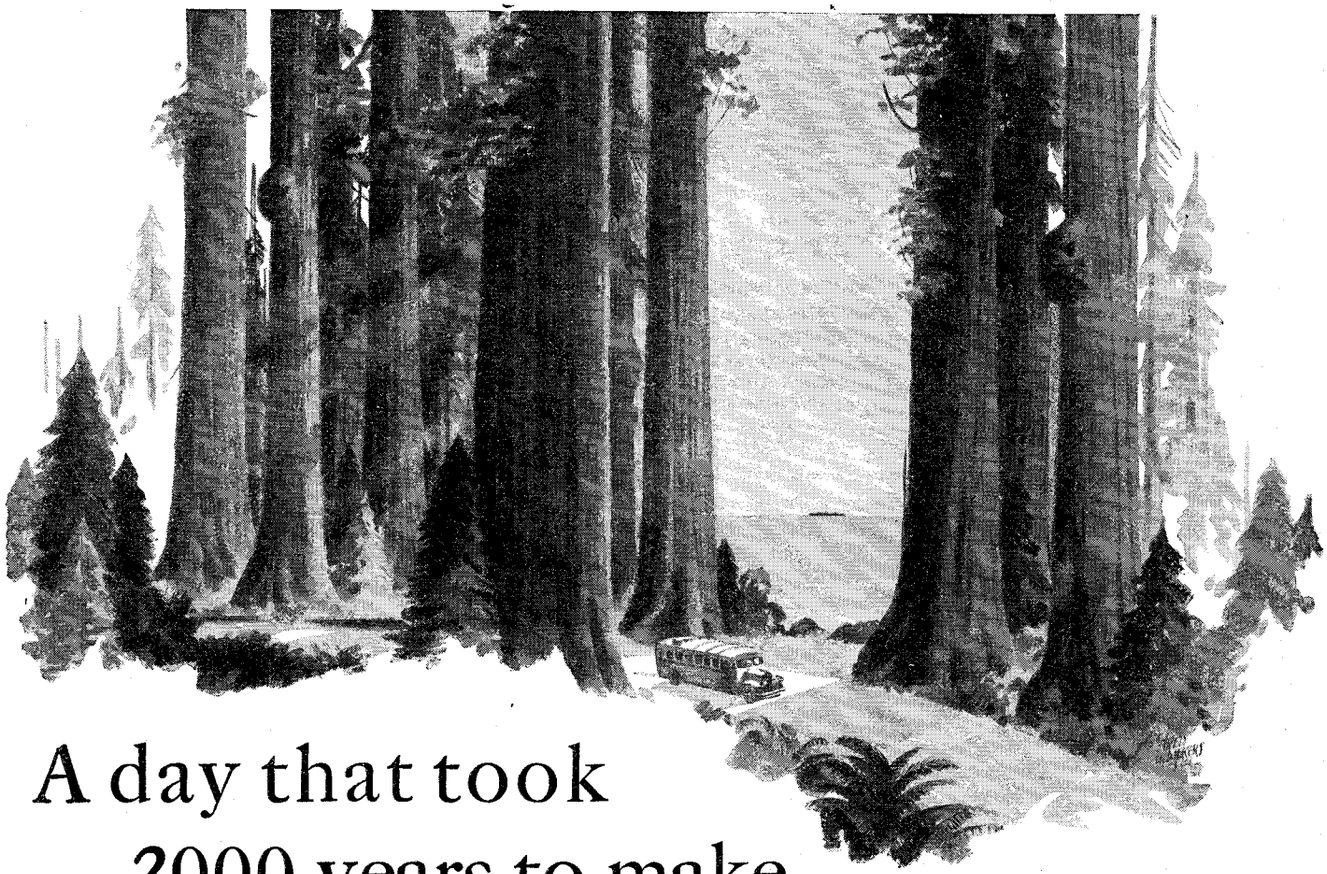


A day that took 2000 years to make

Northward from San Francisco, halfway south from Portland, a shaggy California shadow stretches into Oregon and underneath it there's a day that took 2000 years to make. It is the day en route to California, or back again, that sees you through the Redwood Empire.

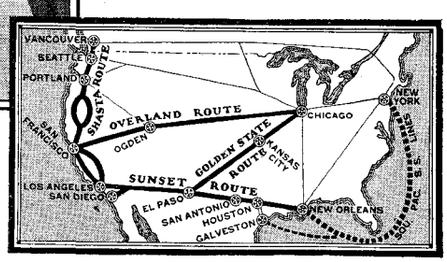
Here is an empire ruled by giants. Forest giants, century-laden yet straight and tall—and haughty in the winds from that eternal sea that surges at their feet. These are trees whose branches inching sky-ward for 2000 years, have seen Spain's Conquistador and Padre plod the Sunset Trail to found San Francisco . . . the early pathfinders struggling through the Sierra's snows to blaze the Overland Trail. They heard that startled shout *GOLD* and watched this West blaze up in a yellow frenzy, then turn to green for the nation's table; and build great cities.

From secrets of another age . . . an old tranquillity, these branches change to whisper of a hundred newer days, checkered here and there throughout the long Pacific Coast. Days in sparkling cities. Sport-filled days in a varied group of great resorts. Days that drowse you with the lazy song of waves from far-off oriental shores.

You can crowd ten vacations into a single Southern Pacific trip along the Pacific Coast—that brave sweep from San Diego to the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest.

The Pacific Northwest . . . Mt. Baker, Seattle, Tacoma, Mt. Rainier, the mighty Columbia, Portland and Mt. Hood, Crater Lake—nature's thrilling mystery . . . all can be included in your ticket to or from California when you go one way and return another on Southern Pacific's four great routes. Southern Pacific is the only railroad that can show you the whole Pacific Coast. In no other way can you so quickly, comfortably and economically see it. You can stopover anywhere on roundtrip tickets.

World famous gardens contribute to Southern Pacific's unsurpassed dining car service.



Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Write to O. P. Bartlett, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for copy of illustrated book: *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast."*

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With Our Readers

Mr. Jackson Replies

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Boston*

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of Feb. 5th, Richard F. Warner in his article, "Boston Sees the Joke," goes out of his way to accuse me of "bad taste . . . a futile stunt, a gesture." Explaining one's actions is always a weak performance. They ought to stand or fall by themselves. But in this case referred to by Mr. Warner I feel compelled to explain the exact situation which led me to present ex-Governor Alvan T. Fuller a copy of "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti" as he left the State House upon his retirement last January.

Mr. Fuller was at that time prominently mentioned in political circles in this state as a possibility for Ambassador to France, a position which he very keenly desired. It seemed to me, and to those of my friends who advised me, that it was important not to permit Mr. Fuller to leave the State House without indentifying him unmistakeably with the one major case by which his name will be recorded in history. The memory of the public is short-lived and previous to Mr. Fuller's departure from the State House in accord with the customary ceremony, there had been for many months no recalling of his part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

I repeat that it seemed to me essential that Mr. Fuller's only claim to fame should be prominently noted just as he stepped out of the governor's chair into waiting for any ambassadorial chair that might be offered to him. My action in giving Mr. Fuller the book was not in the least calculated, in my mind, to "help the Sacco-Vanzetti case," or to "change any one's opinion regarding their guilt or innocence," as Mr. Warner implied that it was in his article. I can assure Mr. Warner and any one else who is interested that the act of presenting the book to Mr. Fuller was no pleasure to me. It was decided upon on the spur of the moment and probably would not have been carried out if I had had time to allow my sensibilities to govern me. I am not sorry, however, that I made the presentation, because, from letters I received from Washington soon after the episode, it appeared to have helped to accomplish the effect which I desired.

GARDNER JACKSON

Future Labor Unions

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I read Mr. Stark's article with a great deal of interest and in my estimation both the Outlook and Mr. Stark are doing society a real service by focusing attention upon the constructive side of labor unionism. It has long been my conviction, as one who has had something to do with the employee morale problem of industry, particularly from the managerial angle, that the labor movement "with all its imperfections upon its head" in spite of them, harbors the seed of a better industrial order. Consequently it is a real service when something is done which tends to present labor organizations in a more constructive light.

My only suggestion to Mr. Stark would be that in the future when he fashions his ideal union he include a department whose primary function would be to show how the union in question might be made as useful as possible to the management . . . Certainly if our unions as they are oriented in industry today have one opportunity it is to be of help in promoting the welfare of industry along the lines described elsewhere in Mr. Stark's article. I go so far as to hold that it is organized labor's responsibility, day in and day out, to make precisely this contribution to industry.

OTTO S. BEYER

Chicago's Tax Muddle

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Chicago*

DEAR SIR:

The article by Lloyd Lewis entitled "Poor, Insolvent Chicago" in the February 26 issue misses the mark wide when it states, "that millionaires, school teachers, small home owners, owners of sky scrapers, and dreamy economists joined hands and petitioned William H. Malone, head of the state tax commission to order a reassessment."

Chairman Malone was not petitioned by any one. He investigated conditions and on his own initiative ordered a reassessment as he had done in a number of instances in previous years in down state counties. If you would know, the first suggestion that a reassessment order from the tax commission was justified in Cook county came from Donald Kirkpatrick, legal counsel for the Illinois Agricultural Association which organization had assisted the tax commission in investigating and ironing out many glaring inequalities in assessments in down state counties.

The author of this article errs again when he asserts that Malone was sponsored by Fred Lundin. Mr. Malone has steered an independent course in politics. Chairman Malone's primary interest was to break up the tax fixing racket in Cook county and establish some degree of honesty and decency in the assessment of property. He had established a precedent in such down state counties as Champaign, Kane, Stephenson, St. Clair, and others where new assessments were ordered.

Any one who has studied Mr. Malone's work since his ascendancy to the chairmanship of the tax commission knows that he has made a sincere effort to bring about uniformity in the assessment of property. The insinuations of Mr. Lewis impugning the motives of Malone do him a gross injustice which no one who has a sense of fair play would allow to go unchallenged.

THEODORE GEORGE

Senator Wagner As a Statesman

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Charleston*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I got from The Charleston Library, the Outlook for February 26th. Upon reading "Back Stage in Washington," I forgave your correspondent for thinking of Smith of South Carolina as he did, and extolling Wagner as a "statesman," in a former number. The statesman is now receiving much attention for practically repeating what Smith stated more convincingly, Nov. 1st, 1929. But A. F. C. is the first person who has exposed the hypocrisy of Senator Wagner, in supporting Hughes for the appointment of Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

With the exception of Senator Wagner, and to a much less degree Copeland, I criticise no Senator, Democrat or Republican for voting for Hughes, who is a very great lawyer and the most honest of all the opponents of the League of Nations; but, when I remember the extravagant laudation of Governor Smith by Hughes, which must have materially assisted in the nomination of the Governor by the Democratic Convention at Houston (the Democrats having been reduced by defeat to that state of imbecility, in which they take the advice of their opponents); and then Hughes' powerful opposal of poor Smith even getting the electoral vote of his own state, the behavior of Smith's friend, Wagner, is, to me, contemptible.

When one notes Senators Smith and Blease of South Carolina assisting the State Chairman of South Carolina, and the Mayor of Charleston (none of whom had the slightest personal interest in Governor Smith) in carrying the state for the Democratic nominee for the Presidency; while almost all the great Democrats in New York, except Smith, whom they had forced on the Party, got in, the statesmanship of Wagner seems Machiavellian . . .

THEO. D. JERVEY

To the Ladies

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Concord, Calif.*

DEAR SIR:

The hand that rules the cradle rocks the world. Pity 'tis, 'tis true! And now that Mrs. Porter and her sisters aspire to political power as well as cradle rule we may anticipate still greater rocks and wrecks ahead.

How comes this craving for stimulation in the lives of men—and women. Do the club women of the better magazines council really get a greater kick out of each shocking and consequently stimulating discovery than a man gets out of a drink of mere moonshine. I wonder!

Being somewhat old-fashioned I think a woman's place is where better children are being prepared for life in a country, rather than where a country is made "better for our children," wherever that is . . .

"Given the stimulus, to predict the response" is the behaviorists job Watson tells us.

Perhaps "the women who have children and rear them and love them" with a perfect love might do well to stay with them a little more and incidently try to discover a little more about this stimulus and response that is the aim of the behaviorist. Nay more, go the behaviorist one better. Try to discover just how much stimulation in the way of food and nursing and attention a child should receive to cause it to respond to normal and not excessive stimulation after the voting age, or rather in these latter days, before the voting age, and thereby render obsolete such faulty working devices as the censorship and prohibition.

Unfortunately that job may contain, after building a due toleration for it, about one half of one per cent the stimulating content to be found around women's clubs or Washington, but it might in time assume such stupendous proportions as to leave little leisure and less breath with which to blow the froth of the small beer of politics. The ladies! God dress 'em!

WM. MCCHESNEY

Postal from Mr. Dewey

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lake Placid*

DEAR SIR:

No indeed, Yu sugar coat yur statement of intentions but underneath it is clear to a host of readers that the Outlook and Independent both long great leaders for the best things in lyf ar now unquestiond militant wets suporting thoz who want to drink themselvs & the whol vast rum interests. Yu wil get betr financial & moral suport from rum but yu ar rapidli losing the great & distinktiv clyentel of which the old Outlook was justli so proud.

MELVIL DEWEY

The Bottle Continues

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Petersburg*

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry you feel called upon to put the Outlook definitely among the wets, for we greatly need a strong paper to preside over a rational discussion of the present chaos.

Between the narrow, bigoted drys on the one side and negative, destructive wets on the other, must emerge the truth which will prevail.

Undoubtedly education is the only road to sobriety, but such education is only possible if intoxicants are kept out of the channels of profit trade where they would be so pushed upon consumers as to incite drinking and drunkenness.

EMERSON P. HARRIS

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *St. Louis*

DEAR SIR:

. . . Of course we have known for a long time that the liquor interests had bought up the newspapers, but we did hope we could keep them from gaining control of at least a few of our weekly magazines, such as the Outlook. But it seems our hope is vain.

The fact that the Outlook has scrapped all of its traditions and boldly championed the greatest evil that any people or nation has to reckon with, makes it all the more necessary that those of us who believe in temperance and sobriety and decency must gird ourselves for a fight to the finish.

WILLIAM E. BELL

Editor's Note—In accordance with the law the Outlook and Independent annually publishes in its pages a list of stockholders in the Outlook Company. We shall be pleased to forward a copy of this list to any subscriber who thinks that we are controlled by the so-called "liquor interests."

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